February 23, 1918

Every Week

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BIG BEN is a household word because he's a clock of his world. He runs on time, he rings on time, he helps folks live on time.

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The Western Clock Company builds them in the patented *Westclox* way—the better method of clock making that won Big Ben's success. Needle-fine pivots of polished steel greatly reduce friction. *Westclox* make good in the home.

That's why John and Dorothy measure clocks. And you will, too, as soon as the word, Westclox, on the dial of the clocks you buy.

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EVERY WEEK'S Circulation Department desires to increase its Staff Membership and—

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"The Other Officers Continued to Drink and Sing"

BEFORE you fill in your subscription to the third Liberty Loan, I ask you to take a look at *Malines* and *Campenhout*.

It is all written in a book—just a matter-of-fact little book filled with official documents.

Open it at the pages that deal with *Malines*, and read:

> In Malines itself they [the Germans] destroyed 1500 houses, from first to last, and revenged themselves atrociously on the civil population. A Belgian soldier saw them bayonet an old woman in the back, and cut off a young woman's breasts.
>
> Another saw them bayonet a woman and her son.
>
> They shot a police inspector in the stomach as he came out of his door; and blew off the head of an old woman at a window.
>
> A child of two came into the street as eight drunken soldiers were marching by. A man in the second file stepped aside and drove his bayonet with both hands into the child's stomach. He lifted the child into the air on his bayonet and carried it away, he and his companions still singing. The child screamed when the soldier struck it with his bayonet, but not afterwards.
>
> Another woman was found dead with twelve bayonet wounds between her shoulders and her waist.

I do not often ask you to read unpleasant paragraphs like these: I do it now because, when it comes to writing about Liberty Bonds, I feel like throwing aside all the fine words and telling you the whole truth as it appeals to me.

And the truth is that I am not buying a nickel's worth of bonds to give Trieste to Italy or one single added colony to England or Alsace-Lorraine to France.

Other folks may rally around these battle standards if they find satisfaction in them.

I buy Liberty Bonds because there is a two-year-old boy in my home—as there was in that nameless home in *Malines*.

And because—so small has the world become—*Malines* is only just across the street from where I live.

Prices are high. It is hard these days for a man with even a good income to buy food and clothes for his family.

But I ask myself over and over again, what good to my youngsters are food and clothes, if the spirit that fired *Malines* comes out of this war unrebuked?

What sort of parents are you and I if we take care of the minor matters, such as food and clothes, and send our children out into a world where children may still be bayoneted and women ruthlessly slain?

I hate war. If we were at war with England or France, I would fill this column so full of cries for a peace conference that they would put me in jail for doing it.

But this is not a war of nations; it is a grapple of ideals.

The ideal that respects pledges and the lives of women and children, battling with the ideal that counts pledges and the lives of women and children as mere pawns in the game of empire.

"At *Campenhout*," says the book, "they rifled the wine cellar and shot the mistress of the house in cold blood as she entered the room where they were drinking. *The other officers continued to drink and sing.*"

Only a woman being killed. It was nothing. They did not even look around. They continued to drink and sing.

So long as they who bayoneted the child of *Malines* go singing through the streets of Belgium, there must be Liberty Bonds.

So long as the terror that stalked through *Campenhout* continues to hang over my house, there must be Liberty Bonds.

I do not know how it may be with you: but, with me, this third Liberty Loan cuts down through the luxuries into what we used to think were necessities in our household.

And we make the sacrifice gladly, for the sake of *the great necessity*.

The necessity for establishing safety in the world for little children.

For making it clear, once and for all, that, while women are being slain, no men can ever again with impunity continue to drink and sing.

Bruce Barton, Editor.

The New Oliver Nine

We Save You 51 Per Cent
By This New Plan of Typewriter Selling

Last March, after two decades at $100, the price of the Oliver Nine—our latest model—was dropped to $49. No longer do we maintain 15,000 salesmen and 50 costly Branch Houses. We made a yearly saving in rents and salaries, in expenses and commissions of many hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Those savings, if we sold our output, meant to us the same profit at $49 as we made at $100 before. But, if we failed to sell our output it meant ruin. We knew we could never go back.

NOW, ten months later, we announce the tremendous success of this plan. It oversold our output. We have been at times months behind on orders. Now, we have made extensive additions to our factory and equipment, increasing our output 300 per cent. Thus we have met the demand for prompt shipment.

The Oliver, in 22 years, has brought out scores of innovations. But none one-tenth as welcome as this $51 reduction.

Simple Good Sense

Our proposal as now viewed is simply good business sense. Heretofore, some 60 per cent of the Oliver price went to pay the selling expense. We reduced that waste four-fifths.

Salesmen, on the average, cost us $25 per machine. Branch houses, show rooms, managers, etc., meant a vast additional expense.

Financing business colleges, so typists might be trained, and thus come to favor and recommend certain makes of machines, was an added burden that forced manufacturers to maintain higher prices.

Since the earliest days, these expenses seemed part of the typewriter business. They grew with competition. So, despite multiplied use and multiplied output, which brought the factory cost to less than $40, the price remained $100.

Over 600,000 Sold

The Oliver Nine is our latest model. It has every improvement which twenty years have developed. It has many exclusive features.

It was the first sight-writer. And, while others have followed in this respect, it has remained the leader. Great concerns by the hundreds have adopted it as the greatest typewriter built. Any stenographer may turn to the Oliver and operate it, like any other machine.

Its simplicity and durability recommend it as well to people who have never used a typewriter before. It has always commanded the maximum price for a standard machine. At that maximum price, the Oliver became a world-wide favorite. Over 600,000 are now in use.

Yet enormous production brought our factory cost below $40 per machine. That for our finest model—the Oliver Nine—the pinnacle writing machine.

The rest of our selling price went mainly to pay the monstrous selling cost. And that selling cost is the only thing changed in saving you $51.

Simply Buy Direct

To save this $51, all you do is simply sell yourself. We send the machine on trial, without any money down. We guarantee it a new machine of our latest model—identical with the finest machine we sold for $100. Make your own comparisons. If you think that any typewriter in the world is better, simply send the Oliver back, and we will even refund the transportation charges.

If you find it the best typewriter you know, pay us $49 at the rate of $3 monthly. That is only 10 cents a day.

Free Trial

Send us this coupon. Check in the first square if you want an Oliver Nine on trial. Check the second square if you want further information, and we will send you our startling book, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." It will lay before you in detail the wastes and abuses of the typewriter industry.

Send it now, whether you want one machine or many. See what this new plan means to you, and see the machine behind it. It will change your ideas about proper typewriter prices.

Canadian Price $62.65

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.
1382 Oliver Typewriter Building Chicago, Ill.

NOTE CAREFULLY—This coupon will bring you either the Oliver Nine for free trial or further information. Check carefully which you wish.

This Coupon Is Worth $51

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY,
1382 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days' free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $49 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is _____

This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

GETTING MEDALS PINNED ON

Photograph by Central News Photo Service

FOR the most part, we endeavor to steer clear of the horrors of war. But we must be truthful; and it seems only fair to our departing sons and daughters to warn them of the deadliest peril of all—the decorations. Many a strong man who has come unflinchingly through shell-shock and night attacks turns faint and pale at the moment of facing his reward. Even women, even a militant suffragist—well, look at Nurse Colbourn. She fully realizes that if, as per instructions, she backs out of the presence of royalty, she will fall ingloriously off the platform into the palms, and be put on bread and water for disrespect.

WILL General Joffre hire a couple of faithful retainers to carry his medals around after him on a litter as he goes about his daily business after the war? Or will Madame Joffre arrange them on tables in the front hall, like wedding presents, and let tourists view the collection (for a consideration) Wednesdays and Sundays? Once we had a Band of Mercy medal; but we lost it when we took it off to jab the rough little boy across the street.

Photograph from International Film Service, Inc.

Photograph by Rudel & Herbert

IMAGINE the feelings of M. Rattalon in this picture, who is getting kissed on both cheeks and in a hollow square by a gentleman who has the advantage of being not only his general but his uncle. The referee at the right is there to see that justice is meted out and that the poor victim does not get kissed any more than is absolutely necessary for the honor of the Republic.

Photograph from Press Illustrating Service, Inc.

NO fellow here will marvel at the distrait looks of Captain Guynemer when we explain that this is the celebration of his forty-third victory. It only goes to show that never before have the depths of human endurance been plumbed. In the old days, a policeman retired to his ancestral estates in Ireland to convalesce on the receipt of his third runaway medal.

British official photograph from Central News Photo Service

"RISE, Sir Knight," is what King George is saying to Lieutenant-General Funshaw, at the same time giving him a whack with his sword as a gentle reminder. An easy little way of spoiling a simple man's life. In future no nice people will speak to Sir Fanshaw for fear of being thought social climbers, while all the undesirables will flock round him, hoping to get in up by the reflected glory.

© Rudel & Herbert

HOW tactful are the French! Not by one flicker of one eyelash does the officer on the left betray his knowledge of what is going on. This graceful action greatly mitigates the sufferings of Mme. Naitre, of Red Cross fame. She seems almost reconciled to her fate. She wouldn't feel so tranquil if she realized how happy she was making all the wounded onlookers in the rear.

Vol. 6, No. 8
February 23, 1918

EVERY WEEK

"Every word counts"

$1.00 per Year
5 Cents a Copy

What They Think of Her in Her Home Town

MELROSE'S JERRY

By ANNE HERENDEEN

THEY pay Geraldine Farrar $1500 a performance for singing at the Metropolitan Opera House, which means $105,000 a season. And she further manages to eke out a living by acting for the movies in the summer at the rate of $2 a minute. Well, down in Melrose—the Massachusetts town where "Jerry" was born and brought up—the way they look at it is this: if they want to throw money away in New York, let 'em do it.

I made the half-hour trip from Boston to Melrose recently, and, without being either very much an opera fan or a Farrar fan, I had all the emotions of a regular pilgrim. This was the same road over which, not so long ago, a frightened but resolute fifteen-year-old school-girl had journeyed to Boston to sing in Melba's hotel room and there receive that precious verdict, "The coming wonder of grand opera." Here was the hilly country she knew so well—even the icy weather became bearable when I thought of it as a sample of those "New England winters" which had given America's most popular singer the wonderful constitution with which to stand the exacting strain of continued work and its reward, success. And these kind-looking people around me in the car. Perhaps some of them had "known Farrar when!" that young merchant over in the corner—perhaps he had loved and lost her in the grades, and stuffed her pigtail into the ink-well for revenge. I felt that I was in the Farrar country, and I longed to greet all her countrymen.

"I'm not a judge of music or anything like that," said the man in the drug store on Main Street, "but I remember hearing Jerry sing in school, and I never thought much about it one way or the other. It's nice, though, she's getting along so well."

Melrose's Main Street

AFTER a while I stepped down into Main Street, the heart of Melrose. I can't say enough for Main Street. It is perfect. Through the post-office window I could see the postmaster reading the morning's post-cards; across the street in the drug store a customer was busily getting some change for a telephone call; and over in front of the moving-picture theater two small children were wistfully regarding a sign that said, "Temporarily closed for repairs."

I went into the stationery and candy store and asked to see some Farrar post-cards. The young lady behind the counter regarded me with reserved surprise.

"Pictures of Jerry Farrar? No, we have nothing like that."

I thought of Germany, where before the war there were as many pictures of *der Farrar* as there were of the royal family. I thought of Petrograd, of Stockholm, of Warsaw, of Paris, where Farrar's pictures are sold as often as calendars of the national colors.

"But her home, or the school she went to, or the church she sang in?"

"We have a picture of the High School, if you want that," said the girl; "but I don't believe Jerry went there. It's only been built a little while. Are you a friend of hers?"

"Oh, no," I said; "but of course I have heard her sing and I admire her very much, don't you?"

"Well, I don't know as she's much better than other people," quoth the young lady.

In some confusion I went out and repaired to the drug store. Ordering a bracing hot chocolate, I confided to the drug-store man that I was a stranger on a sentimental journey to the birthplace of the golden Farrar. The drug-store man wasn't snippy like the stationery girl—the drug and soda business, I think, tends to foster a certain broadness of mind.

"They tell me," said he, "that they think a good deal of Jerry in different big cities and so on."

"Oh, yes," I exclaimed. "Hundreds of people wait in line for five or six hours to buy standing room to hear her, and many others who really can not afford it pay six dollars a seat just as eagerly."

The Kindly Druggist

"YOU don't say," said the drug-store man, bouncing my chocolate gracefully up and down in the neighborhood of the hot-water faucet. "Well, I'm not a judge of music or anything like that, but I remember hearing Jerry sing in school, and I never thought much about it one way or the other."

"Of course she's studied a good deal since then," I suggested.

"That's right too," said the drug-store man. "Well, it's nice she's getting along so well."

I got around to the Melrose newspaper office just before it closed up for the week-end, and found both the compositor and the editor pretty well fagged out with the exertion of getting out the weekly paper. Just the same, they extended every professional courtesy to me, though it was evident they questioned the news value of a story about Jerry Farrar, nice enough girl though she was. They gave me the addresses of a couple of Jerry's former teachers, and referred me to the cigar store and the barber shop, where "Sid" Farrar, during slow moments in the haberdashery business,—in which he engaged after his retirement from professional baseball,—used to while away a good bit of time with stories of the smartness of his only child.

Round at the cigar store (where Jerry's dad still sends for his cigars), after they had recovered from the shock of seeing a lady cross the sacred threshold, they allowed that Jerry certainly had done well for herself and for her whole family.

"Nor that it has changed old Sid much," as one wag observed, "except that now he gets his clothes made to order instead of ready to wear."

I asked them if they thought Jerry would ever come back to Melrose to live, and they thought emphatically not.

"They have a big house in Seventy-fourth Street, New York, with a private elevator, and with one floor for Sid and another for Mrs. Farrar and the rest for Jerry and her husband," they said, "and it ain't likely they'd ever want to live in a quiet place like Melrose again."

"It would be fine for Melrose," I suggested—"bring a lot of interesting people here and all that."

But the thought of "interesting people" arriving in shoals left this little group of Melrosians cold. The fact is, Melrose doesn't entirely approve of interesting people. It feels that someway interesting people are—well—they are apt to be "different," if you know what they mean.

There was Mary Livermore. She was a Melrose girl too. Mary, like Jerry, was always one to be thinking up new ideas and then going ahead with 'em against the advice of her friends. Back in the early forties she got the idea of going South and teaching the slaves. Not that there was any call for her to go away off there and make herself unpopular with all the nice people of Virginia. But she went. And when at last she came home, it was to join the Abolitionists—and the Temperance movement—and the Woman's Rights movement.

Not Like Other Girls

WHEN she married she and her husband went to Chicago and edited a religious weekly, and Mary got herself talked about by being the only woman reporter at the political convention that nominated her friend Mr. A. Lincoln for the Presidency. When the Civil War broke out, Mary promptly turned her children over to some one else, meddled in hospital affairs, and organized the Sanitary Commission (the big sister of the present Red Cross).

After her death Melrose reluctantly named a school after Mary; but, as a reminiscent old gentleman over in the corner said, "I have always thought that Mary Livermore was a good deal over-estimated."

Same way with Jerry. If she had stayed at home and continued giving her services to the choir of the Congregational Church, with maybe an occasional concert for the benefit of something— But to stop school, and to stay in Europe nine years, and to borrow $15,000 to do it with (repaid ten years later with interest), and to give interviews saying that she didn't believe in marriage for artists, and that America discourages art, and finally, after gaining an assured position in grand opera, at least a dignified though conspicuous calling, then to break out in another direction, the movies— Well, Melrose had just a little rather Jerry wouldn't.

In the little house beyond the railroad tracks, where Jerry sends a few cart-loads of flowers after each of her appearances in Boston, her old music teacher

Concluded on page 22

American soldiers easily stand comparison with the soldiers of our Allies. Their uniform is neat, and they average taller, lither, and more athletic than the English and French. Burris A. Jenkins, a Y. M. C. A. lecturer at the front, says in "Facing the Hindenburg Line": "After all the foreign troops I had watched, these home humbles looked good to me. They are slim-legged, red-and brown-faced, spring-heeled lads with a jauntiness of step all their own. They show up well on the boulevards of Paris. Our men are very square-bodied, big-boned, trimly clad fellows. There are no bulging pockets in the shirts of their tunics, as there are in so many others over here." Here are some of them walking on the roof of their barracks.

British official photograph

© Underwood & Underwood

Like Rats in a Trap

"PILL-BOXES" were first encountered by the British on June 6. Within a day every Tommy knew the new word "pill-box," says Patrick O'Flaherty, writing in the Springfield *Republican*. And just what is a "pill-box"?

It is a little hut of concrete, reinforced with heavy iron, and built underground, in front of the lines, and so covered with mud that it looks like nothing at all. Inside may be a dozen or sixty Germans, with machine-guns.

The Germans inside the box are usually there for keeps. They are fed with food either slipped to them under cover of darkness or dropped by aëroplanes flying over them; and their position is about as attractive as that of the crew of a submarine.

There are several ways of overcoming the pill-box.

It may be reduced by artillery fire [says Mr. O'Flaherty], as the French reduced the Germans' famous eight-chambered pill-box in Paiyeood wood, shattering its solid concrete and iron with two direct hits from a gun as big as a factory stack, and with a third killing most of its garrison of sixty and bringing out a few survivors with their brains curdled by a shell-shock.

It may be overcome by poking a Lewis gun into one of its firing slits and spraying its interior until a white flag pops out the other firing slit. If its occupants are able to lock themselves in without leaving any hole in which the snout of a Lewis gun can be poked, it may be necessary for a couple of Tommies to wait at its locked door with bombs, like terriers at a rat hole with their ears pricked up. Or it may be reduced in the simplest way of all by dropping in a bomb and going on about one's business. The squad of greenhorns inside know what to expect when they see that small, black, egg-shaped ball drop in through their firing slit and roll gently across the floor at their feet. They know what it is—a Mills bomb with the pin out. Four seconds. Blimey!

Concrete does not set well in winter, so that the Tommies believe that the most effective period of the "pill-box" has passed. It may be that the Germans are not altogether sorry.

It is not very pleasant for men to wait, in a concrete trap, for the spluttering bomb that spells destruction. And in one captured "pill-box" the Tommies discovered no soldier, but only a German captain, his arms tied and a bullet through his brain.

The Busiest Fire Department in the World

Photograph from Paul Thompson

Verdun, swept with fire and iron for three years, is continually catching fire and continually being put out by this indefatigable corps of men.

One Mother's Letter

THE Spartan mother who sent forth her sons with the injunction to come back with their shields or on them has her prototype in America to-day. William A. Hutcheson, vice-president of the Mutual Life Insurance Association, recently received this letter from the mother of one of his clerks:

My son, as you know, is in your office, and I venture to take the liberty of putting before you for your consideration the following matter: I personally on my mother's side came from a fine old Scots fighting stock, and it is a grief to me that no boy of mine is on the firing line. I have been offered some work which I can easily do, and this thought comes to me: Should not my boy be taking his place among the other brave lads? Must not he overcome this terrible anxiety for me, when I have none for myself? I think he ought to go. I will earn enough for my daily bread—I am not too old.

"In a few days he came," says Mr. Hutcheson, "not to ask advice, but to tell me that he wanted to volunteer, and he is now in a training camp."

From *L'Illustration*

These jaws of wire were worn by the soldiers who had to march across the vast plains of shifting sand approaching Jerusalem.

Will Whiskers Come Back

WHISKERS, we thought, were gone beyond control; but the war may bring them back again. In the Crimean War, says the London *Chronicle*, officers and men alike remained unshaven in the trenches before Sebastopol because of the severe cold. When they returned to England, their beards were so admired by members of the opposite sex that many men threw aside their razors permanently.

Where the French War Shoe Pinches

AFTER three years of war, who are those that have been the hardest hit financially? Americans "over there" who have investigated the question present some rather surprising answers. Many of the Frenchmen who were rich before the war, excepting those whose interests lie in German occupied territory, have actually more cash in hand than ever before, in spite of their generous patriotic contributions. This seeming paradox has become an accomplished fact through wholesale economies.

The artisan and agricultural classes in France, always economical in the extreme, have enjoyed enormously increased salaries, and their proverbial family stockings also are full. It is for their patronage that the popular department-stores in Paris now offer expensive fur overcoats, diamonds, silk lingerie, and other extravagances never before dreamed of. Of the professional classes it is also true that their services have continued in great demand, and, owing to the depletion of their ranks for war work, greater prosperity rather than hardship has come to them.

Who, then, in France is faced with ruin? All branches of the arts have naturally suffered, since people in France do not buy pictures, statuary, *etc.*, in war time. But the men to whom the wolf of hunger and poverty has surely come are the small retailers. Those among them who responded to the call to arms have returned to find their businesses swept into other hands, and many of the remainder, without large capital or credit, have been compelled to close up. It is on behalf of this class in the United States that American writers now in France sound a note of warning.

Captain Michael White.

The Eye

AN American woman, Maud Mortimer, nursed hundreds of desperately wounded soldiers in a field hospital in Belgium five miles back of the firing line. In *A Green Tent in Flanders* (Doubleday, Page & Company) she tells of a soldier so badly wounded in the face and head that his only means of communication with the outside world was one bright, plucky, expressive eye.

"Can I ever forget that diamond eye! Truly, I think there was no day of his long weeks at the hospital when I was not uplifted by a sense of what lay behind it. It was really all that one could see of Mongodin, for the rest of his head and face—with the exception of what was visible through a small hole left in the bandages round his mouth—was completely hidden from us.

"It could hardly be called a beautiful eye. It was not even of a popular color—but just of medium size and uncompromisingly, glitteringly green, with a small pupil and no lashes that I can remember.

"He was in the hospital when I arrived—much too near the color of his bed, much too flat and lifeless, to attract general attention. At first his still, fragile whiteness frightened me. I would sidle past him on tiptoe, fearing to add to his pain; but gradually, as it began to dawn upon me that the shining eye was responsive and could feel the comradeship of a mere shy, appreciative glance, I grew bolder, and after a few more of its encouraging looks became its slave.

"His wound was just above the left temple—a triangular-shaped hole almost an inch and a half long and yawning nearly an inch wide on its upper side. The projectile had passed behind the left eye, and had lodged rather forward in the roof of the mouth. When I first knew him he could not speak. Later, muffled nasal sounds came from him. No one but those constantly with him could make out the meaning of the struggling words, though they suggested a humorous and plucky philosophy.

"The hour of his daily dressings was one for which I grew to time my visits to his ward. His nurse would then allow me to pass her what she needed, and, while the ordeal lasted, to engage the eye in conversation. The ordeal consisted partly in the excruciating change of dressings, and in pouring through the gaping triangular temple wound streams of peroxide, which would flow down behind the damaged left eye, behind the nose, and be caught by Mongodin himself, sitting up against his bed-rest, in a dish which he would hold without so much as wincing."

This curiously religious-looking picture is only of Alpine soldiers crossing a hill past a French signal post, on reconnaissance duty. At the top of the pole one can see the cock of France.

© Kadel & Herbert

The Editor Talks with Mr. Daniels

HOW does it feel to be criticized by newspapers day after day, to read public demands for your resignation, to see yourself branded as unfit in one editorial column after another?

How does it feel to endure that for three or four years, and then suddenly to have the newspapers turn around and begin to say that, after all, you are a good fellow and have made a very creditable record?

I put this question up to Secretary Daniels in Washington. The last time I had seen him was on the day following his famous order making the navy "dry." The newspapers had been full of criticism of him that morning. I expected to find him considerably worried. Instead he was bright and smiling.

"Aren't you troubled by what they're saying about your order?" I asked him.

"Oh, no," he answered. "The clerks are classifying the letters and telegrams, and they tell me that they're about fifty-fifty. For every one denouncing me there's one telling me that I've done a brave and proper act. So they offset each other pretty much. A man can't allow himself to be worried by criticism in a place like this: it's part of the price."

So for four years he had gone ahead. War had come to us, and the navy which he had been accused of allowing to go to seed was called into immediate service against the submarines. To the surprise of Mr. Daniels' critics and the delight of the country, it began to get results almost from the very first day. If there is anything the matter with the equipment of our ships and the marksmanship of their crews, the commanders of the submarines have not discovered it.

"The commission of Congress investigating the conduct of the war said very flattering things about the businesslike fashion in which the navy had been prepared for war. Newspapers changed their tune almost overnight. I was anxious to see Mr. Daniels again and ask him how it felt to wake up and discover himself popular.

"Criticism doesn't hurt me as much as it would some men," he said. "I've been used to it all my life. Only," he laughed, "as a newspaper editor I always gave more than I got.

"I remember talking with the Governor of North Carolina several years ago," he continued. "The Governor was a very conscientious man, new to public office, and he was being very severely and unjustly criticized. He called me over to the Executive Mansion one night, and showed me a long typewritten answer to his critics which he had drawn up. I read it through, and passed it back to him.

"'That's very good,' I said; 'I'm glad you got it off your mind.'

"'But you don't think I wrote that out just to get it off my mind, do you?' he gasped.

"'Why, of course,' I answered. 'What else did you do it for?'

"'To give it to the newspapers,' he told me.

"I reached over and put my hand on his knee.

"'Now, see here,' I said. 'You will give that to the press; it will be printed in all the papers to-morrow. Your friends will read it and say it's fine. Your enemies won't read it at all; or, if they do, they won't believe it—they'll be too busy preparing an answer to it. Their answer will be published, and then you'll answer them again. So it will go on, until you are dragged into an undignified controversy that will disgust the people of the State and get you nowhere.

"'The thing for you to do is to go ahead and give the State a good administration. Then, when the convention is held next year, you will be invited to make the keynote speech. That's your opportunity: put into your speech all that you have written here—or as much of it as you want to. Meantime, go ahead and do your best, and don't worry.'"

"Well," Mr. Daniels continued, "the convention came. The Governor made his speech. It was received with great applause, and printed in all the papers in the State with approving comment. And he left office with the reputation of having given the State an able and efficient administration."

The Secretary of the Navy laughed.

"A public officer can't afford to engage in controversy," he concluded. "If he can't stand criticism, public office is no place for him. If he has enough faith in his convictions to go ahead in spite of it, the public is pretty just, in the long run. And a man who can stand the racket can have a lot of satisfaction in public office; and a lot of fun—*a whole lot of fun.*"

A Football Makes a Good Weapon

FOOTBALLS are always in fashion along the line wherever a Britisher is present. In fact, they have many a time played a part in an attack, the men kicking them ahead as they charge over No Man's Land, much to the amazement of the Boche. He indulges in no such tomfoolery.

On this occasion, however, the ball was lying in a traverse occupied by a company of Anzacs. A fight was in progress for a Boche position which the enemy was holding mainly with a machine-gun. For the rest, they were visibly weakening. In fact, they had all but reached the *Kamerad* stage of the encounter when the Australian supply of bombs gave out. To fight with bare fists was, of course, out of the question, and you can't take a machine-gun with a bayonet. They had to rely on their brains.

One Australian had an inspiration. He passed the word to his chums. They caught on. In a couple of minutes, with a yell learned probably in the bush, out rushed three of them, bearing aloft the football. It was dusk. Fritz could not see well. He mistook the ball for a dangerous species of bomb.

Up went the hands of the Boche gunners, followed by the inevitable cry. By the time they had discovered the nature of the bomb, the Australians had captured the gun.

Strictly Irish

IT was an Irishman's first day in a trench, and he had been told to keep himself out of sight. All Irishmen have an aversion to orders, and this particular soldier was no exception.

So, just out of curiosity, he stuck his head over the parapet. *Whizz!* came a bullet by his ear. He wasn't hit, but he was thoughtful as he seated himself on the ground.

"Well," he decided, finally, aloud to the others, "they're right, after all. The more you look round in this place, the less you're likely to see."

Keystone View Co.

This old French peasant is clearing away the barbed-wire entanglements with which war has cumbered up his fields; breaking down the stakes, digging the iron and cement out of the soil, "making the land French again." No one can look at him without thinking of one of Millet's pictures. His work is new and strange, but his attitude is full of the eternal patience and industry of the peasants of France.

Non-Combatants

Told by CAPTAIN A. P. CORCORAN

STRETCHER-BEARERS are listed in the regulations as non-combatants. But you may judge whether you know any better heroes than they.

The first chap was a sergeant. One night he was out gathering in the dead and wounded, after a scrap, when a shell burst off his right arm. Instantly he dropped, unconscious from the shock, and his fellow workers put him on his own stretcher.

It was a hot night on the line, and just as he was being borne off, over came another shell, severely wounding one of his bearers. The third man was at a loss what to do. But, before he could collect his wits or summon assistance, up spoke a voice from the stretcher:

"'Ere, 'elp me up, Jim."

It was the sergeant speaking. The second shell had aroused him from his stupor. Jim, wondering, obeyed.

"On with 'im," said the sergeant. The second casualty was lifted into place.

"Now slip this belt o' mine over me 'ead; now over the 'andle."

It was done. And so, carrying the stretcher by means of his one good arm and the belt, he trundled back behind his line, while his other arm hung loose, dripping blood.

Now he has lost it, and wears a decoration instead.

At another time a wounded officer had just been placed on a stretcher. The rescuers were starting back on the line, when a Boche star-shell shot up, revealing their forms against the night. Very promptly came the result of the revelation. *Plop!* went some bullets near by. And down went their stretcher on the ground.

They had run? Not they! Down went they, too, laying their bodies over that of the wounded officer. Soon the flurry died down, with the officer no worse. One of his bearers, however, had got a bullet in the back.

Dutchmen Can Fight

YOU probably never heard of Rehoboth. It's a little republic of Dutchmen in the center of the German possessions in West Africa, a tiny little republic of about 1200 inhabitants. And the great war that has shaken Europe and America reached out to threaten its tiny existence also.

Germany, however efficient she may have proved at home, has never been a successful administrator of colonies; and the citizens of Rehoboth were eager enough to fight her when news of the war came to them. The story of the fight is told in the *Outlook*.

They drew themselves up into battle array, this sturdy little group of Dutchmen, and they fought until their last cartridge was gone. The Germans were all around them, armed with heavy guns and plenty of ammunition. Annihilation stared the little army in the face, when suddenly—without warning—the Germans withdrew in the night. They had dallied too long and the British had caught up with them.

The little Republic of Rehoboth has now petitioned the British Parliament to include it in the British Empire at the conclusion of peace.

Boys Going to the Bad in Austria

ONE aspect of war that we will do well to take account of in this country is the almost inevitable increase in juvenile crime that seems to take place in every warring country. With fathers and elder brothers at the front, and with boys receiving men's wages, the temptation to go to the bad becomes almost irresistible. In Vienna, says Wolf von Schierbrand in his book on *Austria-Hungary* (Frederick Stokes Company), the number of crimes committed by boys and girls under eighteen in the year 1915-16 was 340 per cent greater than in the year 1913-14. And apparently the record is continually growing worse.

A WOMAN OF FRANCE

By STEPHEN FOX

Illustrations by W. C. Nims

SHE had gone to bed. She lay there now, staring up into the half darkness of the little bedroom. The light came from the adjoining room, from the lamp on the parlor table, where her husband, the baker Vaugarde, still sat up over some papers. The house was very quiet and still, so quiet and still that the silence was accentuated rather than disturbed by the loud, metallic ticking of the parlor clock, and by the steady, persistent scratching of a pen.

Presently the woman stirred. "Louis," she said.

The scratching ceased.

"Eh?" said the baker Vaugarde.

"Come to bed," said his wife. "It must be after nine. Is the bread set?"

The baker grunted. "Yes," he said; "the bread has been set. It is even now rising in the pans, against the morning. I have some accounts to finish. Now will you go to sleep and let me alone?"

Whereupon the pen began to scratch once more; and the woman fell silent, staring up to the half-dark. Then, of a sudden, she laughed outright—a queer, hard little laugh through closed lips.

The pen stopped.

"Adèle," said the baker. He lifted his voice mildly.

"Yes," said the woman.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing," said the woman. "I was just thinking; that was all."

"Humph," said the baker, and once more his pen began to travel and scratch.

The woman listened to the sound for a moment; then, stirring again, she called:

"Louis."

"Well?"

"Who are you writing to?"

For reply the man in the other room stamped his foot under the table.

"Woman," he cried, "will you go to sleep and have done! What difference does it make who I am writing to? It has nothing to do with you."

"I am not so sure about that," said the woman in reply.

At which the shadow bust of the man—a bulky blot sitting on the wall beside the door—moved forward a little.

"What do you mean?" he said quickly—a trifle too quickly, perhaps. And his shadow bent forward a little more, as if the man had thrown out his arm to cover the papers on the table, like one seeking to hide that which must be hid. "What do you mean?" he muttered again.

"Nothing," said the woman, speaking from where she lay; "I thought perhaps you were writing to the boy."

The shadow on the wall drew back slowly; and some one breathed in once, hard, as in relief. It was the man.

"No," he said, in something like his ordinary voice; "it isn't the boy this time. We must wait until he answers our letters first. There have been two since he went away this last time. We don't know whether—" He hesitated oddly. "Perhaps the old wound—" He paused again. "I wonder if—"

But his voice trailed off once more, and the woman sighed in the half-dark.

"If I only knew where he was," she said in a moment. "If—"

Boom!

The house shook. There was no wind; only this low, sullen roar somewhere in the unreaching night.

Boom-m!

Shot succeeded shot. The great guns began to challenge one another, this one in the east, that one in the north. Again and again they smashed the silence, battery after battery joining in the terrific roll of sound.

"They are getting a little nearer," said the baker, in a sudden lull.

"Who?"

"Our friends," said the baker, answering from where he sat. There was a sort of jubilance, half irony, half satisfaction, in his voice; but if the woman marked it she gave no sign.

"They are always getting a little nearer," she said, her voice drooping like that of one who answers from the bewilderment of despair.

THEN the cannonade started again. It continued for a space, getting up to concert pitch; then it stopped as suddenly as it began, dying down in a murmur of distant firing.

The baker meanwhile had folded his papers and laid them away. Now he put out the light and went to bed. Two things he did first, however, like a man moving in the circle of habit. One was to raise the window-shades and look out on the dark street; the other was to close and lock the bedroom door.

"There is a full moon," he said, getting into bed. "It will be good dough to-morrow. Bread always rises better under a full moon."

His wife made no answer for a moment. He moved over to her side of the bed: she slept on the inside. Then, surprisingly, for the second time that evening, she laughed outright—that strange, hard little laugh through closed lips. "Ha!" she said, and the man stirred under the sheet.

"What is the matter?" he muttered uneasily.

The woman settled herself on the pillow. "Nothing," she answered.

"Well, then, why do you laugh?"

"I don't know."

"What papers?" he said at last. Odd, the change in his voice.

"The ones you were working on all evening. The descriptions of the encampment beyond the village."

The woman spoke quietly. Her voice was low, but quite competent with the accusation that was in it. The man still sat erect, but he did not move; he seemed to be holding his breath.

"Are you mad?" he said suddenly. "Do you know what that—means?"

"Yes," said she; "and so do you."

The man drew another deep breath.

"How long—have you known—this?" he said in a minute.

"From the beginning. I remember the day that you first took their money. A man came here to sell you the patent oven that they make in Düsseldorf. It was his second visit, I think; it was just five years ago last June."

"No—July," said the baker, settling himself back on the pillow and letting out his breath in a kind of sigh.

That was all. The darkness hid his face, but it was curious how simply the man appeared to take it. He merely relaxed like one who has suddenly been relieved of a great burden.

Being found out is not so bad. It is the business of coming to it, day by day, that is hard.

"Where were you?" he asked presently.

"The scratching of the pen stopped. 'What is the matter, Adèle?' asked Vaugarde."

"You don't know?"

"No; I was just thinking of something, that was all."

Whereat the baker turned over on his side. "Humph," he said; "you better go to sleep."

"That is my trouble," said his wife; "I can't."

In the darkness there was the sound of one burying his nose in the pillow.

"Well, good night, my dear," said the baker.

His wife made no reply. There was a moment of silence, which she broke.

"Louis," she said.

"Eh?"

"What did you do with those papers?"

The question was casual enough: it was the effect that was amazing. For the baker sat bolt upright in the darkness.

"When you talked with that man? I was behind the kitchen door," said his wife. "You sent me out into the arbor,—do you remember?—to get some grapes for your guest. But I waited at the door. It wasn't right, I know; but there are times, I guess, when a woman just can't help herself. I only meant to stay a minute. But the man's talk sounded strange; he spoke of one thing, yet he seemed to mean another, and you seemed to understand him very well."

"He was a sly devil," said the baker.

"You were eager enough yourself," said his wife.

"He showed me gold," said he in reply.

"I saw you take it," said she.

There was no rigor in her voice, no blame; only this plain statement of the fact.

The man cried reason. "What was I to do? He asked so little—"

"Well, you made your bargain; that is to say, he made the bargain, and you took his gold. He bought service, and you were a good servant."

"Humph," said the baker. "All I had to do was to sit around in the inn and gossip with the sub-lieutenants once in a while. The young fools up at the garrison were always ready enough to talk. My questions were from a prepared list. Once they were answered, my report was ready for the next visit of the inspector. Oh, it was all easy enough."

"Ah, it was easy enough for you; that is correct. It is always easier for a man. He has his work. He can carry such a thing around in his heart, and yet go among his friends with a smile on his face. But it is different with a woman. And I had a son."

"He was just entering the military college," said the baker.

He spoke proudly, as if it were yesterday.

"He was big enough to have killed you—if he had found you out," said the woman a little heredy.

"I didn't know what to do," she went on after a moment. "Once I made up my mind to tell you of what I knew, and to beg you to give up this awful business. But I never did it. I was afraid, somehow, and I kept putting it off, hoping against hope, until the next visit of that man. Then it was too late. I knew that it would be of no use to speak to you now; for I saw your face when you sat at the table that night counting the foreign gold."

The baker grunted in the darkness.

"It was easily earned," he said. "I thought that you were asleep."

AS he spoke a distant and melancholy vibration shook the windows. It was striking then in the village tower. The woman waited for the last stroke.

"That leaves two hours," she said then. "It is plenty of time."

"Eh?" said her husband.

But if she heard she gave no sign, but went on:

"The first year was hard, but I never want to live another year like the second. All I could do was to sit and wait. And fear is a terrible thing to sit with. It comes to you through the door; it comes to you by the fire; it comes to you at night. You never know ease. I was never sure of myself in the shop. I never knew a moment of peace, never a moment when I didn't expect the *sergent-de-ville* to knock on the door and ask for you. At first I was afraid to trust myself with the neighbors; I was afraid to go out on the streets; I was afraid that they would point and whisper as I passed. But I soon got over that. For everybody still came to the shop, just as they always had; they still came and bought your bread."

"It is good bread," remarked the baker with some pride; "and there will be a fine rising of it to-morrow—there will, for a fact, if the yeast holds."

"Ha," said his wife; "to-morrow!"

"Eh?" said the baker.

She did not answer him for a moment. Then she went on, as it seemed she must go on; for her expression, her whole attitude, indeed, cloaked as it was in the darkness, was much like that of one who had been moved by sheer force of circumstances to commit some now irrevocable act, and who now had only a certain space of time in which to explain it.

"I don't know why," she said slowly, as if collecting her thoughts, "but I was a little surprised to find people as good and kind as ever. On Sunday, when women spoke to me on the way to church, I felt grateful: I wanted to thank them for their charity. Then I realized that as yet there was really nothing the matter. Your secret was still safe. No one knew what you were."

Difficult to set down exactly the expression she gave the last. In the darkness, however, the man stirred under the sheet.

She continued:

"Then the boy came home for the holidays. That, but one, was the hardest time of all. For I had to sit there, like a stopped clock, while you fastened on the child. He didn't know what you were after; and you lost no time, but proceeded to make him—your own flesh and blood—another pawn in this awful game. Oh, there were many things I might have done: I might have stopped him, and denounced you then and there. But I knew there must be some other way, and I was trying to think of it—some other way that wouldn't smash everything.

He was so young and proud, so full of speed and heat. His future had to be considered. I didn't want your blood on his hands. So all I could do was to sit and wait, just as I always had, while you flattered the boy, and played on his young wisdom, and led him on, and dragged him down in the mire. I had hoped that you might spare me that. But no; he had been to the military college of France; he had some knowledge that you could sell. And you had no interior, it seemed, nothing that might feel shame—"

"I remember the day you first took their money. I listened at the door."

THE man stopped her at this point.

"Look here," he protested; "you don't know how it was. I had no alternative. They had me right and fast. They wanted details concerning the effect of the new ordnance; they knew of the boy's presence at St. Cyr, where the new pieces were being assembled and tried; and they would not be denied. I had to do it. The penalty for disobedience was too great. It was almost as bad as it is now. The system is infallible. The first offense is the last. Your money comes one day, and everything is well. The next day the authorities learn of your condition—pah! me is denounced, that is all.

"I was caught, I tell you, and there was nothing else to do. I had to use the boy. I was sorry, but it was an extremity, and they had to pay me well for it. At that, they made me do it again when he entered the army; again when the war began; yet again when he came home with his wounds; and they were making me give them double service now—but on half pay, curse them," added the baker Vaugarde.

He paused as if for sympathy; but the woman was silent.

"Of course, I looked for something like that," he went on after a minute. "The good thing does not last forever. And I made preparations accordingly. Doubtless you have often wondered what became of all this extra money?"

"You bought me some new dresses—at first."

"Four," said the baker; "and a ring from Paris. But you never wore it—"

"Hardly," said his wife—and the baker was silent for a moment.

"Well," he said then, "I sent the money to America, to New York. My cousin George is there, in the same trade, and I bought an interest in his business; a third while I remain in France, a full partnership the day I arrive in America. Do you remember, I spoke to you about it? War had just been declared, and I said it might be a good thing—"

"Yes," said his wife. "I remember. But what does it matter? You didn't go."

The baker sighed.

"No," he said, and sighed again; "it was too late. They would not let me go. They knew everything in advance, it seems. I was wanted. I was a valuable man. They could not afford to lose me—yet. Oh, I was caught; I am caught now," said the baker. "I must do as they say or—"

"Exactly," said his wife; "it is like the butcher-bird and the spider."

"Eh?" said the baker.

"I read it somewhere. It is by the good Fabre, I think. The butcher-bird lets the spider spin its web. It does not fancy flies, but the spider does; and the business of the butcher-bird is spiders."

"Humph," said the baker, and yawned. Then silence, which the baker chipped with another gap. "Well," he said then; "what are you going to do?"

"About what?"

"About me," said the baker, trying for the same easy tone. But he was a trifle off. They were at the cross-roads now, and the advantage was out. "Eh?" he added.

For his wife was taking her time. This was her moment, it seemed, and she was choosing her words very carefully.

"It is not so much a question of what I am going to do," she said. "It is what I have already done."

FOR a moment the baker lay silent. Then, as if coming to a full realization of this new trend of the situation, he slowly sat up in the darkness.

"Humph?" he said. "So you went to the authorities, eh?"

There was no fear in his voice—only a harsher note, that added irony to menace. But the woman did not stir; nothing but blank silence answered him.

"Well, that is odd," he muttered after a little wait. "The mayor and the gendarmes should have come for me this evening, then. At what hour did you tell them? Answer me, woman."

Thus adjured, his wife found her voice.

"You needn't shout," she said mildly. "I didn't tell them at all."

Then, in the darkness, amazingly, with the chaotic abandon peculiar to women and children, she burst into tears.

"There, there," said the baker. "There, now, Adèle," he said presently.

He must have reached out and touched her with his hand; for the sobbing instantly ceased, and the woman drew away from him by a sudden movement to her side of the bed.

"Let me alone," she said in a low voice, whereat the baker drew back, muttering something, and resumed his own pillow.

It was a full minute, perhaps, before either one spoke.

Then the baker said:

"Come, now; let's get this thing settled. Here it is going on eleven, and I must get up with my bread at four. Now, then, I want to know one thing: You say that you have done something, eh? Very well, then. What is it? Answer me, woman, so that I may know what to expect."

"Well," said his wife—then paused, like one troubled for words. "Well, I have done something," she began again in a moment. "I have done what I thought was right."

She paused once more.

"Go on," said the baker impatiently. "I suppose you went to your father, eh?"

The woman said no, she had not been to see her father.

The priest, then?

No, neither had she taken her trouble to the priest.

The baker thought for a moment. Then he chuckled.

"Well, that leaves only the old Doctor Gailliard," he said, still chuckling. "If you went to him, much good it must have done you. Old Gailliard has known me ever since I was a boy. They had a hard time making him believe evil of me then, and it would do little good to try now. We have always been good friends, somehow, the old doctor and I.

"Why, many's the day, even when there was wet weather blowing, he and I have ridden out into the country together; for I was the only boy in the village that ever rode in his little black buggy. The Gailliard orchard was famous, but I never had to climb over its wall. It was with his help, when I finished my time in the trade, that I went into business. But for the old doctor, you remember, the boy could never have gone to St. Cyr. No," said the baker, with another chuckle; "I guess you didn't go to him."

"No!" said his wife. "Well; one need not be too sure. For it happens that he was just the one I went to—your good friend, the old Doctor Gailliard."

"Ha," said the baker. Oddly enough, he seemed more hurt than surprised. "Ha," he said; "that was a nice thing to do!"

"Oh, I don't know; he was your friend," said the woman. "I thought if I went to him, and took his promise, that your secret would be safe, at least."

"Well, what then? What did he have to say?" he demanded.

"Nothing. You are right: he wouldn't believe me. He only laughed."

"Naturally."

"Then he gave me a pill, and told me to go home and lie down. But I had a letter," said the woman.

"A letter—what letter?" cried the baker.

"One that you had received—from your friends. You put it in the stove one day, with some other papers."

"So I did," admitted the baker; "but I put them in the fire. The coals were red, and I saw them catch the flame."

"Well, the letter was on top; and I took it out as soon as you were gone. At first it looked like only an ordinary communication, such as you get from the miller's agent in Bordeaux. But you had made some notes between the lines, in translating it, perhaps, that showed what it was. I think the doctor called it a cipher."

"So you showed it to him, eh? Well, then? What did he do? What did he have to say to that?" cried the baker.

Still there was no fear in his voice—only a curious, almost ironic impatience. Nothing seemed to touch the man.

"For a long time he said nothing at all. It was the shock, perhaps. The old man was a good friend of yours. One could see that. Then he got up and put on his hat. I asked him where he was going.

"'To the mayor,' he said. 'I have fed a snake, and it has bitten the hand. It must be destroyed. Come along, if you are a woman of France.'

"But I wouldn't go with him," said the woman.

"Which was most considerate," cried the baker. "Continue, my dear."

"The doctor was surprised, and a little angry, perhaps. But I said no, that wouldn't do, and reminded him of his promise. The mayor would call the gendarmes, I said, and the gendarmes would put you in prison. They would take you through the streets, and all the village would see. Then you would be tried; and every one would be there. Then you would be shot, just like they shot that barber in Mons.

"Then what about me? What about the business? What about the boy? He could not survive such a thing in the army; he could not command men after that. He could only come back to me, and help me with the bread. But, even then, who would buy it? What would people say? 'Come away; her husband was such-and-such a thing. Come away; his father was shot against a wall. He was a Frenchman, and he sold France for a price.'

"Oh, I can hear them now! I can see them whisper and point.

"'No,' I said to the doctor; 'I didn't come to you for that.' And he said: 'Well, then, child, perhaps you will tell me just what you came to me for?'"

In the darkness the woman came to a full pause—much, perhaps, as she must have paused before the quiet interrogation of the old physician. For a moment the baker himself waited in the dark. Then he too broke a long silence.

"Well," he said mildly, "it is a fair question, and you might as well answer it for me. If you didn't go to him for one thing, you went to him for another; that is evident. What was it?"

"I don't know. I don't know why I went anywhere. I just had to tell somebody, I guess," added the woman timidly.

"God!" said the baker, with great reverence. Then he sighed, just as the good doctor must have sighed—a sigh that meant that women were hard.

"Well, I suppose that was the end of it, eh?" he added after a little bit.

"No; that was not the end of it. This was the end of it: The doctor said that, promise or no promise, this horrible traffic must be stopped—that you must not be allowed to go on. The nation was in peril, he said, and I had no right to hold him to his word, which he would keep to me only on one condition. I must give him promise for promise. He had his part, he said, and I had mine; we both must give an account for France.

"'But I will not go to the authorities,' I said.

"'It is not necessary,' said the doctor; 'another way has occurred to me. Go home, child, and keep your own counsel. Make up your mind,' he said,

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"'A thousand times, it seemed, I got the powder as far as the coffee-pot.'"

WHAT does the President do from eight o'clock until ten every morning? What does he do in the evening? We went up to the White House recently and asked them questions like these: also we caught a glimpse of the President. It's all in next week's issue. THE EDITOR.

DO I WRITE A GOOD BUSINESS LETTER?

By JAMES H. COLLINS

Illustration by Jessie Gillespie

FOR the first time in business history, a national convention of experts in letter-writing was recently held in this country to discuss ways of improving business correspondence. Many interesting facts were brought out. It was a frontal attack on perhaps the last barbed-wire entanglements and deep dugouts of that costly enemy of business efficiency—habit. "We beg to acknowledge" and "Thanking you in advance, I beg to remain," were bombed out of their pillboxes, and the moppers-up of the attacking platoons routed out all the facts about letter costs and correspondence wastes.

Suppose a business house sends out one hundred thousand letters monthly—which is a reasonable output for the departments of a large concern. Suppose phrases like "Your communication of November 15th has come to hand, and contents are duly noted," creep into letters to such an extent that each letter carries two superfluous lines. Suppose it costs half a cent a line to write letters—a reasonable estimate. If those two extra lines were cut out of a hundred thousand letters there is a tidy saving of $1,000 in writing, to say nothing of easier reading for the people who get the letters.

But cheaper letters is not the only object in good business correspondence. Every letter is a record, and often the basis for a deal of some kind, so it should be accurate and clear. Every business letter represents the house, and should embody its spirit and policy. Every business letter seeks to establish some relation, good will, or maybe a sale, between the individual who writes it and the one who receives it. So it should carry a certain flavor of personality and human feeling.

It has been found, in improving the correspondence of a large concern, that clumsy stock phrases can be revised out of existence with a style sheet somewhat like that the city editor gives the cub reporter on a newspaper, and that the length and cost of letters can be reduced to a gratifying extent, and stenographers speeded up a bit, and typing made neater, and superfluous letters eliminated.

There is a wide margin for improvement here, in most concerns.

But this is really only the mechanical side of business letter-writing. After that has been tinkered into shape, you must begin to get better letters by making better fellows of the men who write them—encourage them to think clearly and to be interested in what they write about.

Not long ago, a woman who had done considerable work in journalism was made advertising manager of a smdgy old machine-tool concern, where the correspondence was of the type copied on an old hand press. Letters went out with the blurred, damp appearance imparted by the copying press. They were blurred and damp in their phraseology—careful, cautious letters, dictated by stereotyped old boys who did not mean to let any customer find a haphazard statement in a letter and pin the house down to it on prices or terms.

This woman made those letters highly interesting within a month by the simple device of interesting the men who wrote them in things right under their noses. Hardly a day went by in that machinery concern but there were achievements or incidents to be gathered by a good reporter. She used her newspaper instinct, wrote crisp paragraphs about what was going on in the business, and made these so vital that the old boys themselves found them interesting, and wanted to tell customers what the plant did yesterday, and put the news into letters by way of explaining business points or adding a pithy paragraph as a postscript. Now it might be six lines telling how good the president of the company felt because the pattern shop had done some quick work for the War Department; again, a detailed illustration of how customers were enjoying the advantages of reasonable prices, despite scarce materials, because the purchasing agent had foreseen the scarcity last year and made good contracts.

Do you want to test your own powers of business letter-writing?

Here is a shrewd little scheme used by another business concern in training novices. They hand the student two or three complaining letters—communications received from customers who are mad clear through, and probably just inside the libel law when it comes to criticism and language. A man is bound to be interested when he answers a letter like that. All the old stock phrases of formal business correspondence flee from his mind. He has to dig for information, meeting the complaint with solid facts.

In most cases, the fellow who writes a complaining letter has misunderstood something, or jumped to wild conclusions. So he must be given a basis for straighter thinking. Most of all, there is the greatest temptation to be sarcastic and resentful, and before one even dictates "My dear sir" in answering such a letter, it is necessary to establish a feeling of kindliness and courtesy toward the critic.

When you can write the sort of letter that turns a complaint into an order, you can be trusted with about everything else around the shop in the way of correspondence.

Good business letters should be short, but not leave out any essential information. They should be prompt—and this is often a most hardest of all to secure in these days when letters are frequently referred from one department to another to settle different questions. A bad prompt letter may often create better feeling in the mind of its recipient than a model communication that arrives five days late.

They should be personal and intimate in the sense that the fellow who gets a letter feels that a real human being somewhere in a big business organization knows him and understands what he wants, and will attend to it without red tape. They should establish real connections between the house and the recipient, not only through the good feeling embodied in each letter, but by telling him interesting things about your business that lie a little outside the particular matter under discussion, and also by reflecting a kindly interest in his business and leading him to tell little outside things about his affairs.

To be a man of business nowadays you must also be a man of letters—the American business man or woman no longer belongs to the inarticulate classes.

Proving that It Pays to Relax

Fifteen minutes in the life of a business man of fifty, as recorded in his blood pressure. Read the story of this chart: what kind of a record do you suppose your blood pressure would make, in the middle of a worried day?

"I DON'T see how it is possible for you to live as you do, without a single minute in your day deliberately given to tranquillity and meditation," said a Hindu visitor at Harvard to William James.

"It is an invariable part of our Hindu life to retire for at least half an hour daily into the silence, to relax our muscles, govern our breathing, and meditate on eternal things. Every Hindu child is trained to this from a very early age."

It would be a great thing for Americans if they, too, were trained from infancy to regular periods of complete quiet and relaxation. That such a period of relaxation definitely lowers the blood pressure science can now prove. And lowered blood pressure means the postponement of hardened arteries and old age.

The chart shown herewith records a period of relaxation on the part of a business man of fifty years of age. The period extends over fifteen minutes, each square division on the horizontal line indicating five minutes. When the period began, the blood pressure, as will be seen, was 155; in five minutes the systolic tension in the brachial artery had lowered thirty-three units, to 122.

In the eighth minute a bell rang: the business man was immediately reminded of his (unexpressed) desire to hurry home. At once there was set in motion all the mental machinery of planning and movement; the spell of relaxation was broken; the blood pressure jumped. Later it lowered again, but it never reached the low level established before the interruption.

A few minutes of complete relaxation several times a day—minutes when the eyes are closed, the muscles are loosened, and the mind is occupied with pleasant thoughts unrelated to the perplexities of business—there is no better investment than this for the man who would live and work long.

GEORGE VAN NESS DEARBORN.

She Will Name It for You

"WHAT'S in a name?" Well, just ask Miss Laura Lee Rogers, of Plainfield, N. J. She'll tell you that there's charm, euphony, appropriateness, research, and twenty-five dollars in it!

Miss Rogers's official title is "the Nomenclator." Her vocation is the naming of country estates, seaside cottages, tea-rooms, pets, or anything else that her clients present. She can find an original and suitable name for anything from a township to a kitchen stove.

This is the way she goes about it: When you first ask her to help you find a name for your home or your business or your kennels, she sends you a long and intimate questionnaire. You tell her whether you are going to live among hills or under elms or near brooks or by the sea. You disclose whether you are of Scotch descent, or Irish, or Fiji Island. She inquires the given names of your children—sometimes the first syllables of their assorted names make a melodious moniker for the family homestead. You tell her your leading fad. If you're musical, that is taken into account; if you're a bit of a sportsman, that may influence her choice.

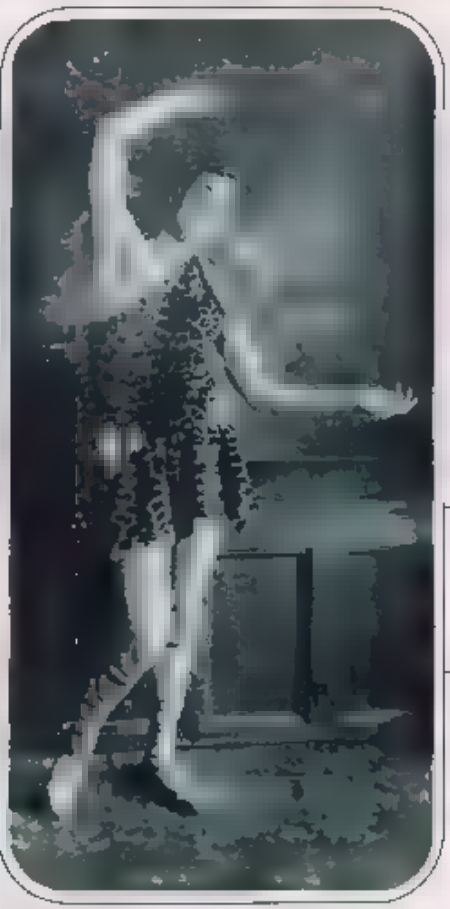
When she knows everything about you that you can tell her, she goes to her home-made glossary. She has spent years in compiling this collection of lovely old words: the "wolds" and "garths" and "wycks," the "braes" and "burns" and "moors," and a hundred prefixes and suffixes, drawn from many tongues—old Saxon and early English, Celtic, Welsh, medieval Italian, French, and Spanish. She has all our American Indian words to draw from, and the beautiful Arabian names for which many of the stars were called; with some Scandinavian forms, too, and Slavic. From these sources, or perhaps from modern ones instead, syllables are woven together into a name that is expressive of you and your environment. Possibly your surname is made a part of it, if it happens to be euphonious. Anyway, a long and varied list is sent you to select from, and the fee is payable upon acceptance.

Often, of course, the names are the simple, friendly ones of every day. This last summer Miss Rogers visited a colony where there were two saucy cottages, one brown and one dusky red. She named the first Jenny Wren and the other Cock Robin.

If you are one of those individuals who would as soon let an outsider name your home as name your first baby, you may wonder whether the nomenclating business pays or not. But you have no idea how many people buy a name as they would a heating system.

WHAT BECOMES OF HANDSOME MEN?

[illegible] passed him a [illegible] We never [illegible] with interest to [illegible] a handsome man [illegible] himself. However among handsome men who [illegible] were we readily we have Washington Astor[illegible] and Eddie Longman. What was [illegible] the handsomest man [illegible] the close of [illegible] on 903 Longacre [illegible]



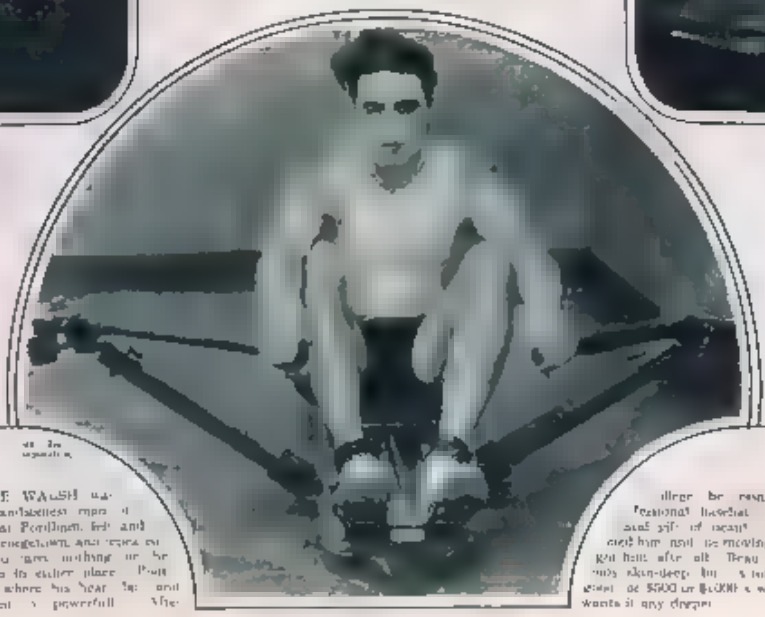
MORE [illegible] whose [illegible] than any [illegible] Illinois [illegible] Thirty handsome was included the [illegible] young man among [illegible] thousand male students of Michigan [illegible] spite of which Morris was [illegible] the best football players in the university and when the war broke out he took out [illegible] Russia and decided once for all not to become a Pavlova dancer never And [illegible] he is [illegible] on the [illegible] &

WE [illegible] HEAR SAYES [illegible] Sayre [illegible] Apollo in Pike Street [illegible] has been interested in various businesses in New Jersey and has even ventured into politics When woman suffrage becomes universal we [illegible] expect the following Presidents Donald Grant Vice-President Dudley Field Malone Secretary of State Mary Pickford and Senator [illegible] New Jersey William Henry Sayre

Pedantic [illegible]

EARLE [illegible] was unanimously voted the handsomest man in his class at the Oakland Polytechnic's [illegible] With such a [illegible] record [illegible] there was [illegible] for him to do but [illegible] made straight for the stage and [illegible] was promoted into the [illegible] where a million women see him every evening [illegible] a little bit more [illegible] with their husbands

C. [illegible] was [illegible] secretary at Cornell, president of the law class, and a number of other things besides being voted handsomest by his classmates Tuesday he has forgotten all that and would have you remember instead that he is a leading young lawyer of Utica New York examines for he re p civil service and has [illegible] 450 to an Order of Merit He is said [illegible] have aspirations for even higher office Handsome is as handsome does



GEORGE WASH[illegible] was the handsomest man [illegible] his class at Pendleton, fell and swept [illegible] Hero—and [illegible] nothing [illegible] he resigned him to either [illegible] Post Hall was where [illegible] he and he played [illegible] powerful [illegible]

[illegible] he resigned [illegible] Professional baseball [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] still per[illegible] him now [illegible] moving pictures [illegible] him after all [illegible] e may be only skin-deep but [illegible] is a [illegible] of $500 or $1000 a week who wants it any [illegible]

EVERY ONE A CH

WHY can't the girls have the same opportunity of voting to run them? Apparently they do everything else in the world better than we can do it. Why not some, for example, can stand up beside Miss Dollie Dumont, sixteen years old and champion gun woman? Her sleeve is covered with shield badges for marksmanship, housekeeping, elementary civics, music, invalid cookery, child nursery, ambulance work, cycling, sewing, home nursing, pathfinding, marksmanship and the medal of the Gold Eagles.

SINCE 1910 Mrs. Leonie Hoen has won all the women's marksmanship matches held in America, and in 1912 she won the international championship in Paris and so became champion of the world. In longest distance with the 22 Winchester rifle was 200 feet, at which distance she both at a match and later extinguished with her rifle shot. We venture to guess that it keeps at a lot Hoen, he is the champion respectful husband of the world!

CHARITY MATHEWSON and other more men pitchers were content to sling them over with one hand. But Miss Ada Clays, of Bingham, Utah, cuts he strikers with either hand. Unlike most pitchers, also, Miss Clays is a first class batter. The team for which Miss Clays pitches claims he woman's championship of the world. Lay down your knitting, ladies, long enough to play a game with Miss Clays team.

IN ground and lofty cooking the world's champion is Mrs. Louise Andrews, at the competitions at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, participated in by several hundred culinary experts from every where. Mrs. Andrews was awarded the gold medal. Her latest specialty, now popular in the best homes of Washington, is a surprise-inspired mince pie. For the information of the younger women among our readers, we will say that a generation ago, before women discovered that they had higher missions, practically every woman could cook a good meal. Of course, those barbarous days are gone forever or return.

HAMPION

THEY DISAPPOINTED THEIR PARENTS

PAPA and Mama Zuloaga kept a wine shop in Seville, but they had ambitions. Their one son Ignacio should be a matador. But Ignacio ran away to Paris, and starved in an attic. While he starved he painted. Recently a fourteen-dollar sketch by Zuloaga sold for $5000.

CAST your eye over his tuition fee, my dear. Then, before you get all hot stench a Harold stunt the next month, because he wants to be a plumber in spite of the nice honest living that he might make as a dentist—don't do it, because you will most likely live to eat your words. Robert Jardish wanted his daughter to be a violinist. Mary humored him up to the age of twelve. Then she refused herself to be an operatic soprano and a movie star.

WHAT Mr. and Mrs. Hurst of St. Louis went through when their daughter Fannie told them that she would not be a school-teacher because she was going to New York to be a writer. After all, the education they had given that girl—poof! How their dazed inquiry is that of the average magazine reader.

How can a short story be worth $1800? Yet Fannie's stories answer this question satisfactorily each month.

MARCUS AURELIUS MOFFETT wanted to have one child who was not an actor. So Jack was sent to London to study art at the Slade School. He struggled to please his parents. Once he had an order from a painter in the country for panels. He gave a coat of graining, which an admirer had sent his sister. Ethel until peddled the contract, earning $4.67. But Jack decided about his career—but he would only exert his drawing talents on such things as architecture and scenery. Oh, dear, how can children disappoint their parents so?

AND then, the parental Carpenters. They thought that they had done a fine thing in sending Georges when they appointed him consul to Mazatlan. Mexico. When Georges escaped, Mr. C. said that when he caught that boy he would beat him into service. A fourteen Georges was featherweight champion of Paris. A twenty heavyweight champion of the world.

JOHN JOSEPH PERSHING at eighteen told his aunt that when he went to West Point she had not heard the last of him. Going a Brown and becoming a minister—this mother had had her way. Here would've been a certain cavalry captain, class of '86. Mr. Roosevelt is fussing over the heads of 160 senior officers after a brigadier-general's uniform. Of course Alice Roosevelt, when he grown up, will disappoint us, but we won't say a word in our cloud has no silver a sitting as mother Perkins's has.

Misfortune Made Him

WHEN William T. Carnes lost his right arm he gained a big idea—one so big that it is putting hundreds of cripples back on the active list and may help thousands maimed in the war.

Carnes was an expert mechanic. His weekly pay envelop had reflected the skill of that lost arm and hand. "You're done for," said his acquaintances. "Better get a job peddling before you use up your savings."

But Carnes had determined not to let his injury force him into the down-and-out class, and so he looked about for some means to make his determination good.

He found that such artificial arms as he could buy were little more than sleeve-fillers, so he set about designing one that would help him back to his place in the working world. He studied the anatomy of the arm and hand until he understood it thoroughly, and then he put his mechanic's skill to work to reproduce bone, muscle, and tendon, with steel levers, ratchet gearing, and cranks devised so cunningly that every movement of the natural arm would be possible for the artificial.

That would have been a big task for a skilled mechanic with two good hands. Carnes put brains and patience into the scales against his lost arm. When his remaining hand could not do the work, he used his teeth.

Countless experiments had to be made. Sometimes it seemed as if the task were an impossible one. And his savings were melting away.

But Carnes stuck. And presently came the great day when he strapped on his invention and proved it equal to any work [illegible]. To show that it could handle tools, he set to work at once on a second and better arm. He finished it in one quarter of the time it had taken to make the first. That was the beginning of a new career and a big success.

[illegible] is a factory where artificial limbs are [illegible] workmen is a cripple,—has lost an arm or [illegible] same pay as do [illegible] were born with [illegible] are like the workmen [illegible] president of the company lacks an arm and a leg, the treasurer lost an arm and [illegible] business at the same time, and the secretary and factory manager is Carnes.

Her $18 Elected President Wilson

THE election of the President of the United States was brought about by the modest outlay of eighteen dollars. This statement is guaranteed by careful authorities, in the face of all [illegible] conversion from Republicanism de[illegible] the election of Woodrow Wilson. [illegible] every one knows that the city of Long Beach cast the fatal majority against Hughes; nor that one woman—Mrs. Nathan R. Root, contributor of the eighteen dollars—was the greatest factor in converting Long Beach.

The Boston *News Bureau*, a careful financial sheet, backs up this startling analysis. "Wilson could not have been elected except for Mrs. Root and her activities at Long Beach. Here the Democratic vote went from six hundred to sixty-six hundred. Without this Hughes would have carried California by more than a thousand votes. Wilson is President to-day because of Mrs. Root and her [illegible] Wilson headquarters at Long Beach."

Before its disappearance Mrs. Root was a [illegible] Progressive. [illegible] the time of the 1916 campaign she found herself repeating Jane Addams's remark: "Wilson, in his marvelous administration, has put into practice nearly all the principles of the great Progressive platform. [illegible] to work and help elect this Progressive in Democratic clothing.

Her friends pleaded [illegible] will be," replied Mrs. Root.

Out of her own means she invested [illegible] in Wilson literature, and [illegible] League. No one prominent person would come out openly for Wilson. She met opposition and an even more discouraging apathy with an educational campaign of force and dignity, hanging pamphlets and speakers from Los Angeles. The city had a Democratic newspaper which gave her work publicity. The influential people of the town did not even contribute funds to the campaign—"Although," says Mrs. Root, "they were glad enough to give money to get up a big celebration parade after Wilson was elected, and to claim proudly that Long Beach had put him in."

"In a sense, I did not elect Mr. Wilson," says Mrs. Root modestly. "Equal suffrage did it. If women had not had the vote I should never have bothered about the election. As a citizen I had to do what I could. I was simply an agent of the force that is coming into politics through the use of the women—a force that will work for human needs, for what Emerson called 'the culture of men.' But it is interesting to speculate sometimes on the difference it might have made to the country if I hadn't done that work in Long Beach. It's very interesting." FREDA KIRCHWEY

Do You Need to Emigrate?

WE had been married seven years and had saved $1200. We liked our neighborhood because so many of our friends lived there. They had incomes ranging from $1,500 to $2,500 a year, but the less fortunate were so adept at keeping up appearances that no one could guess who had most. That a [illegible] Book [illegible] one ones from them. It was the janitor who woke me up. He told me he was moving to a home of his own, and showed me the deed. I realized there must be something radically wrong with us. We must go to a neighborhood of people who plan to own their own homes and who don't spend everything in keeping up appearances.

"But we'll miss our friends," I protested again, although I was half convinced [illegible] "but you wouldn't hesitate to move to another town if business demanded it."

So we moved to a part of town where people lived who were working out their financial salvation. We have made lasting friendships, and [illegible] are living and thinking. We [illegible] a few years ago. [illegible] house that is more than [illegible] We have better health because of less strain, just as good surroundings, and lots more self-respect. M. C. R.

The Editor Talks with Sir George Reid

I CALLED on Sir George Reid recently, to see what the great man of Australia thought about the war. Sir George you know was the first Premier of the Australian Commonwealth—the man who united the separate Australian colonies under a constitution modeled after our own. He is the father of his country. He is seventy-three years old. In build he reminds you of a hard rock [illegible] mountain. He has the best manners in the world, and his eyes are the eyes of youth—which is natural in a real optimist.

I found him playing solitaire. But as he shifted the cards he was thinking of a bigger game. He laid down [illegible]. "When Bismarck [illegible] he said [illegible] 'Kaiser Wilhelm,' he [illegible] 'will play a trump card some day. He will play it at the wrong time and ruin his country.' The artist never repeated that remark until Bismarck was dead. Now its truth has been proved."

Sir George told me that he believes the war will end much more quickly than most of us dare hope. As for the peace to follow, he said:

"Fighting must be over for good, and the whole world must learn to follow the habit of peace first set by the United States."

Much as Sir George hates the things the Kaiser represents, he had a pleasant word about the personality of the German Emperor.

"I saw him last in the summer of [illegible] he said. "It seemed to me at [illegible] I had no [illegible] of [illegible] who was [illegible] far longer than its official schedule. At last it swung around to war. 'Wouldn't it be a tragedy,' I said, 'if the German bulldog and the English bulldog should ever get their teeth in each other's throats?'

"The Kaiser smiled. 'Never! Never!' he said.

"I suppose his 'Never' meant that the English bulldog would never have a chance to bite back. Germany supposed we were decadent merely because we had our fighting temperament packed away. But there are five and a fourth million 'decadent Englishmen still in the army, and Tommy Atkins on his shilling a day [illegible] as if he were playing football.

"Please don't go before you tell me what I can [illegible] as old as I am," said Sir George, as I took up my hat [illegible] did.

At seventy-three he is still young enough to be taking a big part in the world's hardest work.

A Giant Fortune in Pennies

THREE million new pennies every day—that's Uncle Sam's response to the war-made demand for the humble cent.

To meet the emergen[illegible] Director of the Mint [illegible] [illegible] and Philadelphia mints are busy on pennies and other small coins. Altogether, the daily output of one-cent pieces is around [illegible].

At the beginning of the present fiscal [illegible] the mint records showed that approximately $73,000,000 in pennies had been put in circulation. Where they were no one knew. Postmasters, paying tellers, freight agents, peanut venders, newsboys, and babies' banks were believed to have most of them.

From July 1 to November 1 approximately 47,600,000 were minted, and the experts estimate that $100,000,000 in pennies will be required to carry on business under war-tax conditions. This would mean about one hundred pennies for every person in the United States, leaving out of consideration the many coppers lost or mislaid during the useless days of peace.

THE MELTING POT

In Which the New Books and Magazines are Boiled Down to Give You Fifteen Minutes of Health Efficiency Travel, Biography and Adventure

THE EMPTY CHURCHES OF ENGLAND

An Englishwoman, Mrs. Stuart, lost her seventeen-year-old son when the *Invincible* was sunk in the battle off Jutland. Friends told her "He went to a gallant death, dying for you and England." The vicar said "Comfort yourself with the thought that his death is God's will, and that he waits for you in heaven." But Mrs. Stuart's reply was always the same:

"I am a mother who wants her son above everything else. If I only knew where he is!"

Robert Mountsier tells the story in the *Bookman*. One day, he says, the mother went to a private séance, and was startled there to hear the medium give a minute description of her son. In the middle of it she interrupted:

"It's my boy. He wants to talk with his mother."

The medium then delivered a message from Mrs. Stuart's son, in which he told her that he was happy, and had come to her again and again, but had been unable to make his presence known. Up to this point, says the narrator, there had been nothing remarkable in the séance. But the medium then continued:

"You do not look, mother, that I suffered when the ship went down. Those hours are the most wonderful I ever had on your side. When we were going down, Weaving came to me. He was very calm. He said, 'You and I are going to leave all this behind.' And we came over."

Immediately upon returning home, Mrs. Stuart went to a list of those lost on the *Invincible*. There was the name of Weaving, which her son had never mentioned in his letters. She secured from the Admiralty the address of a member of Weaving's family. By correspondence she learned that Weaving, a man of education, had been interested in spiritualism, but had never consulted a medium. Weaving's letters to his family had contained no reference to her son.

After carefully investigating those ten days in the case that were susceptible of fraud, Mrs. Stuart was convinced that she had been in communication with the spirit of her departed son.

This is only one of thousands of instances, says the writer, showing how spiritualism has taken hold of death-stricken England. People are flocking to spiritualistic séances as they did to the churches at the beginning of the war, and Sir Oliver Lodge's book, *Raymond*, is more popular in England than the Bible.

About this book—which relates communications from the author's son, who died at the front—bitter controversy has raged. The *Daily Mail* called it "outrageous balderdash, half a guinea's worth of rubbish." Sir Conan Doyle, on the other hand, pronounces it "a new revelation of God's dealing with man."

TOO MUCH ARGUMENT

On the Western plains the sheepman goes out with several thousand head and one human companion. The natural result is that the pair, forced continually on each other's society, form the habit of hating each other.

An ex-sheepman was telling of a fellow he once "rode with." "Not a word had passed between us for more than a week. One night, he suddenly asked:

"'Hear that cow beller?'

"'Sounds to me like a bull,' I replied.

"No answer; but the following morning I noticed him packing up.

"'Going to leave?' I questioned.

"'Yes,' he replied.

"'What for?'

"'Too much argument.'"

Milwaukee Sentinel

RUSSIA'S WONDERFUL WOMEN

On record

No women in the world offer so many contrasts as the Russian women. They make the most brilliant conspirators and revolutionists, the most luxurious and extravagant women of fashion, the most reckless gamblers, the most ecstatic visionaries. Here are two highly characteristic Russian types—on the left a youthful picture of Vera Figner, one noblest and most romantic of all Russian revolutionary leaders, and on the right Lydia Kyasht, one of those bewitching hysterics that only the Russian ballet produces, who is now dazzling all London with her dancing.

DEAN JOHNSON'S ADVICE TO VANDERLIP

When Frank Vanderlip was a cub reporter on the Chicago *Tribune*, his boss was Joseph French Johnson, now Dean of the School of Commerce, New York University. Riding in together from Aurora, Vanderlip asked:

"What is the one greatest thing to help a man to succeed?"

"To look as if you had already succeeded," was the on-the-spur-of-the-moment advice of Johnson, then thirty years old.

Vanderlip had not long emerged from overalls and a machine-shop, where collars and cuffs were taboo, says *Forbes' Magazine*, and he had not given the matter of personal appearance any special consideration. From that moment he spruced up. Indeed, he not only dressed the part, but acted the part. And it was not long before his native town began to look upon young Vanderlip as one of the nabobs of Chicago.

UNWANTED CHILDREN

All these babies from the New York Foundling Hospital went to good homes in Texas and Oklahoma where children were wanted.

What becomes of the babies whose parents do not want them? The Juvenile Protective Association of Chicago began an investigation a year ago to find an answer to that question, and a summary of its report was published in a recent number of the *Survey*. The Association discovered 137 homes in Chicago where unwanted children were being kept.

"A woman on the South Side had six small children, two adult boarders, an elderly father, and a crippled husband to care for; yet she was boarding seven small children besides. Five of them were sick at the time of the investigation. No one outside the family assisted this woman with her work. Indeed, outside assistance was practically unknown in all these baby farms."

Some of the "foster-mothers" were immoral, some drank and chewed tobacco. In general the homes were dirty, and thirty-two of them, says the report, were "positively filthy." Yet this situation had been going on all unsuspected by the people of Chicago, and the Association found no ordinances on the statute books with which to cope with it.

What becomes of the unwanted babies in your town?

WHY LADIES REFUSED GEORGE WASHINGTON

George Washington was an excellent surveyor, farmer, commander, and statesman; but, says Owen Wister in *The Seven Ages of Washington* (Macmillan Company), he was a singularly unsuccessful suitor. Several young women foiled and defeated him as the whole British Army failed to do. He was a persistent suitor. In his youth, he even wrote verses. One of his earliest bursts of passion contained these lines:

> In melancholy sheltered in my chair
> Or in an enraptured dream I may
> On a rapt lulling sleep and gentle repose
> Possess those joys denied by day.

Later on, says Mr. Wister, he abandoned this method as inefficient, but his success was no greater. He wrote to a friend:

"Was it to give more relief from your long women, I might in some measure alleviate my sorrows by burying the chaste and inoffensive passion in the grave of oblivion. Indeed it was not so. On the contrary, the lover orders, with as many careful and exact details as if it were a survey, a highly fashionable coat to be made for him. 'On each side six buttonholes, the waist from the armpit to the fold to be exactly as long or longer than from thence to the bottom.' This is only a part, less than a third, of his directions about that coat.

When one lady failed him, he turned, with commendable speed, to another. But the next lady, Mr. Wister testifies, refused him twice.

"Why was he so unlucky in these affairs? Why did he so fail to win young women's hearts? He was strong, athletic, tall, a daring rider; his manliness had won the heart of his brother and Lord Fairfax. It is possible that his gravity, his lack of quick light talk, frightened them off. Washington must have been not seldom an uncomfortable, unwieldy companion among those of his own age. And let us remember his nose. It was a formidable feature, and in these budding days of manhood it leaked out of that young face in overweening scale. If we think these things over we feel that we may understand why the girls would not have him."

WHAT CAUSES OLD AGE?

Some day, doubtless, we shall discover just what causes old age, and why men die of it. Scientists are working at the problem all the time, and the results of certain experiments conducted by Professors Jacques Loeb and J. H. Northrop are recorded in the *Journal of Heredity*.

The subject chosen for experiment were little flies known as *Drosophila*, or fruit flies. In the course of the experiments it was discovered that flies hatched at a certain temperature had the longest lives. Flies hatched at a temperature ten degrees higher reached the end of their lives but twice as quickly as those hatched at the lower temperature. During the process of living, certain chemical elements were discovered in the bodies of the flies that had not previously existed. Also there and the presence of these was found to accompany the change of the flies from one form of life to another.

It may be, the professors believe, that normal death from old age is that of like wise brought about by the production in the system of some poison that did not previously exist there; and that we may yet determine the conditions of food, temperature, etc., under which the production of this poison may be longest delayed.

ON THE WAY TO SIBERIA

FOR [illegible] hard labor in the mines of Siberia was the sentence pronounced over you, Catherine Breshkovsky, the "Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution." [illegible] no doubt to it another period of years in Siberia after the term in the mines should end. She was the first woman ever sentenced to the mines for a political offense.

Secretly at night, to avoid a demonstration, we were led out," she says in the story of her life (Little, Brown & Company) "In the street below were eleven heavy hooded vehicles with three horses each. In one I was placed, with a stout gendarme squeezed in on each side, to remain there for two months. Just in front of my knees sat the driver. We went off at a gallop, and our 5000-mile journey began.

"Often we bounced for a whole week [illegible] stopping more than ten minutes, [illegible] at night. Then we did stop for sleep, [illegible] the [illegible] ing huts infected with scurvy, consumption, and typhoid. The long bench on which we slept had no bedclothes.

"On the walls were a mass of inscriptions. Some were freshly cut, but one worm-eaten love poem looked a century old. For along the Great Siberian Road over a million men, women, and children have dragged—murderers and degenerates side by side with tender girls exiled through the jealous wife of some petty town official.

Did any die? Yes, one by typhoid. Our officer rushed the sufferer on at full gallop, until his delirious cries from the jolting vehicle so roused our protests that he was left in the Irkutsk prison, where he died.

"Were there any children? Yes, one little wife had a baby ten months old. But the rest of us did what we could to help her, and the child survived the journey.

"Friends to say good-by? Yes—as we passed through Krasnoyarsk, a student's old mother had come from a distance to see him.

"Our officer refused to allow the boy to kiss her. She caught but a glimpse, the gendarmes jerked him back into the vehicle, and they galloped on. As I came by I saw her white, haggard face. Then she fell beside the road."

R. H. DAVIS'S FIRST BOOK

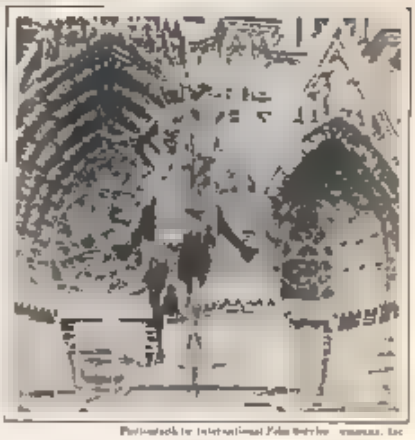
YOUNG writers who are tempted to become discouraged early in the game will find [illegible] Richard Harding Davis's experience with his first book. It appeared in 1884, and was called "The Adventures of My Freshman."

In writing to a copy of this book [illegible] later, Davis said:

"This is a copy of the first book of mine published. My family paid to have it printed, and finding no one else was buying it, bought up the entire edition. Finding the first edition had gone so quickly, I used them to finance another [illegible] insurance. The reason the book did not sell is, I think, because some one must have read it.

More than a quarter of a century later, just before his death, Davis signed a contract for six short stories at what is believed to be the highest price ever offered to an American writer.

THE DEAD CITIES OF 1918



I shall [illegible] a million francs' worth of [illegible] wonderful stores were [illegible] priceless statues fell broken. But the Maid of Orleans stood unharmed. "A miracle," say the French.

Photograph by International Film Service Company, Inc.

AFTER the war no one will go to [illegible] Greece and Rome [illegible] Rheims will claim us, and Louvain, and the shattered city of Ypres. Ypres began to be a show place after its first bombardment," says Captain Hugh B. C. Pollard in *The Story of Ypres* (McBride).

"Every soldier required picture post-cards of the famous ruins; souvenirs were eagerly acquired, and a small curiosities industry in shell-fuses, stained-glass fragments, and relics of all kinds sprang up.

[illegible] jewels, wealth, and the Cathedral plate must have accumulated a substantial [illegible] The shelling which sometimes occurred did not seem to disturb the towns-folk; they had grown used to it. If a shell or two fell, they took refuge in their cellars, coming out again as soon as the bombardment stopped."

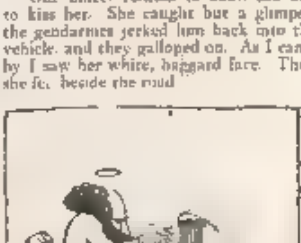
But after the second battle Ypres became a dead city.

"It was hardly possible to find one's way about the ruins, as streets and houses alike had been smashed into one tangle of fallen masonry. Over a hung the scent of burning and decay, of powdered plaster, and the sickly scent of dead bodies. Here and there a path had been cleared through the piles of wreckage, and attempts had been made to keep the main roads open.

[illegible] to wake the sleeping echoes.

"It was all like some strange city in a dead world, some horror from the Apocalypse.

"The very earth on which the city had stood was plowed with shells, destroyed with ashes, and drenched with [illegible] human blood."



SAINT PAUL

by Oliver Herford

IT saddens me to think Saint Paul
Such lengthy letters had to
[illegible]
And [illegible] make us [illegible] lighter
I picture him with a typewriter.

NOBODY LOVES A CAMEL

AS far back as history tells, camels have been domestic animals. There are no wild camels. And yet they hate men and all their ways. Says Rodney Gilbert in *Asia*:

"Bearing an innate grudge against all restraint and all who restrain him, the camel will use the great strength of his long legs to kick his keepers or the dogs that guard him in the waste places. But in the presence of enemies—raiding wolves or other beasts of prey—he is a coward, forgets the very use of his legs, and proves his erratic temper by screaming and spitting in terror. No camel wants to be loved, and no one familiar with camels entertains the least affection for them.

The Arabs and Egyptians of the Near East speak proverbially of the malice and vindictiveness of the camel. The Mongols, Chinese, and Turks of the Far East say that the camel is too stupid to be either malicious or vindictive.

"The poison of all other beasts is his food. He pines and wastes in fat meadows, but grows fat, powerful, and savagely independent among alkali-crusted sands.

"Panic is the greatest failing of camels under all circumstances. The stupidest and laziest camel will show all the silly coyness of a thoroughbred colt in the presence of a white stone, a heap of bones, or some sprightly little animal that darts about [illegible].

The slightest cold carries him off, and when one camel dies they all [illegible] again as a carrier [illegible] ice they are hopeless. Mongols traveling in winter are forced to carry bags of sand wherever they go, which they must scatter upon every little patch of ice they approach."

Camels are all right as long as you don't treat them kindly.

KEEP AN EYE ON HAITI

FIVE years ago there were few less desirable places of residence in the world than the fertile island of Haiti. Since the expulsion of the French in 1804 this island has had, including self-constituted kings, emperors, and dictators, twenty-eight rulers. Of these, as H. P. Davis notes in the *Pan-American Magazine*, fifteen were either assassinated or exiled. Life in Haiti was just one revolution after another; and the country—by [illegible] islands in the world—has grown steadily [illegible]

The real government to-day, the power behind the President and Congress, is exercised by the United States Marines. Under the terms of the treaty entered into between Haiti and the United States, all customs revenues are collected and administered by officers appointed by the Haitian President from among nominees of the President of the United States. The marines are on the island to aid the government in maintaining order; but their actual usefulness extends far beyond this. They are building roads and other public works, and gradually bringing the people back to security to their work.

Only one thing stands in the way of Haiti's great development: the article [illegible] ship of land by any one except a native of [illegible] pealed, as it probably will be, and the mines of Haiti and her plantations will pour out a stream of wealth. If you are young and ambitious and willing to take a chance, go down sometime and have a look at Haiti.

FOR FARMERS ONLY

ABOUT 40 per cent of the food value of corn is in the stalks and leaves. Why be without a silo and throw away nearly half your corn money? *New York State College of Agriculture.*

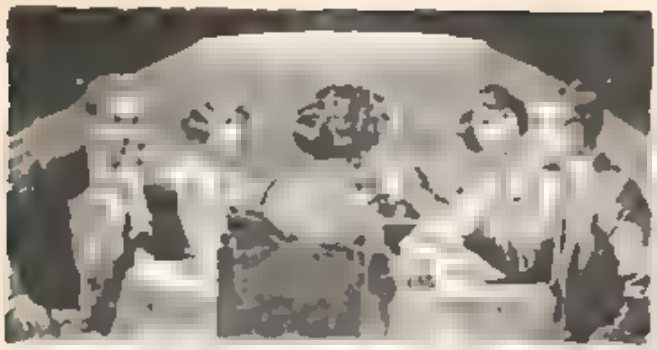
With corn worth two cents an ear or more, it pays to husk the fields clean. The ears that are missed don't help to feed the [illegible]

It pays to be suspicious whenever you [illegible] too high to take chances with hog cholera. *United States Food Administration.*

The National Food Administration suggests that farmers make out a list of the supplies—seeds, fertilizers, machinery, etc.—they will need next spring and place their orders at once. *Southern Agriculturist.*

In 1880 one out of every four farms in the United States was rented, in [illegible] almost two out of five were in the tenant group. *The Nebraska Farmer.*

The wet piece of land that yielded only trouble the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]



The Easiest Way in the World to Make Friends

He was good looking. He dressed rather plainly. He walked with a slight limp. He did not sing or play or even dance. He had never traveled—in fact, had not been outside of three or four states.

But he was popular. No matter where he went—the center of a bright circle—men or women—it did not seem to make any difference—he charmed them all. At social gatherings of every description he was in constant demand. There were always more invitations than he could accept. He had found the way to make friends. Even casual business acquaintances would remark: "Fine chap—so interesting!"

The Secret of Likableness

What was the secret of his fascination? He did not seem to make any special effort to be agreeable. He was no more polished than half a dozen other men [illegible]

Why was he so universally welcomed and admired and liked? For one and only one reason. He could talk in a way that made people listen. That [illegible] acquaintance and not. We pay six cents too busy trying to make money through our business knowledge alone. He had made money—plenty of it—but he had not put money-getting always first. He was wise enough to know that it is more important to be liked to have. He had acquired an acquaintance with the finer things of life. That was what made him so interesting in society, and it helped in business.

Never at a Loss for Words

He could discuss in an original and delightful way, but with the conviction that comes only of expert knowledge, practically every subject that came up in conversation. He had ideas and was never at a loss for words. Whether the subject were music, science, history, foreign countries, literature [illegible] made no difference. He brought to each the riches of a trained [illegible] lated in his memory it was always ready

[illegible] to think that business and culture [illegible] cowboys," he went on. "But to my amazement I found that the new power brought to me through The Mentor Association was the most valuable business asset I had. With the new confidence it brought me I could go out and meet men [illegible] I never had before.

"New opportunities opened up. I formed valuable connections. My business is growing. I tell you it is [illegible] that counts more than anything else. That is the first essential to success. The [illegible] all me from an office [illegible] to create business [illegible] ing men I know than to join that organization.

The Mentor Association

The Mentor Association is a national institution made up of a group of men and women, now numbering more than a hundred thousand, who have determined to learn just one new worthwhile thing every day. It is a wonderful idea [illegible] thing—a really u [illegible] al trying to train their heads [illegible] ually nothing worth while.

And it is really marvelous, the ground that can be covered in this way in just a few minutes each [illegible] not seem an example at what can be [illegible] tor Associations—by learning one new thing each day.

What It Brings

[illegible] ership in The Mentor Association entitles [illegible] to several distinct services:

[illegible] beautifully printed and illustrated story every two weeks, all about one subject, written by a leading [illegible] thority upon that subject. 300 pages during the year.

Second—800 beautiful illustrations, distributed during the year through the text of the 24 issues of "The Mentor."

[illegible] ute description of the sub- [illegible] hy question on Art, Travel [illegible] ure or Architecture. Our [illegible]

[illegible] THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION

THE EDITOR ANSWERS

I know that my own experiences, hopes, and thoughts are so much like the rest of the great army of common folks fighting life's [illegible] that the experiences printed in EVERY [illegible] have a strong appeal to me. You are on the right track—success to you.

E. M. F., *Oklahoma*

You have no idea how much that sort of letter pleases us. There are plenty of magazines edited for the few uncommon folks according to our notion. We like to think that this magazine is rather distinctively for the great body of ordinary people whom Lincoln [illegible] have liked very much or he wouldn't have made so many of them.

From a Cold and Hungry Man

Dear Sir

I am what is known as an "unemployed citizen of Brooklyn," though not at all connected with politics. This winter has been a very hard one for [illegible] fuel. According to the different wise men in Washington, these conditions are due to the shortage of [illegible]

[illegible] to slip a few lines occasionally into your well directed editorials for the sake of readers and humanity. I will not sign my name and address for fear Mr. Burleson might nail me for it. A SON OF A VETERAN *Brooklyn*

I know just what you mean. I have seen the pathetic line of people waiting, baskets in hand, for coal, and the punch faced children filing into their cold school houses. A man's heart would break at such sights if it were not for one thing, and that one thing is the faith, which I have very strongly, that the power [illegible] common folks like you and me is greater [illegible] and that, once this war is over and we [illegible] the distribution of the necessities and comforts of life in such a way that every family will be assured of a fair chance in the world. *That demand of ours is going to be listened to very attentively.* For believe me, my dear sir, this war, which marks the end of autocracy, marks the decline of aristocracy and privilege also. The world is slowly but inexorably being delivered over into the hands of the people who do the world's work.

Picking on the Poor Chap

Dear Sir

[illegible] your contest "What the War Means to Us" you published a letter that made my blood boil. It was from a so-called German American; and, while it tried very artfully to throw a camouflage of patriotic words over itself, any one could see that the writer was and still is sympathetic toward Germany. Such letters should not be published in a magazine which has always stood so staunchly for America as yours has. J. E. L., *Maine*.

We have had several letters like yours, [illegible] picking on this poor German-American chap.

Nobody who reads this magazine can have any doubt where we stand. We are not only pro-American, we are [illegible] German. We believe that until the German people bring forth works meet for repentance, and set up a government whose promises are made to be kept, the rest of the world can not, in self-respect, safety, have anything to do with them.

At the same time, when we publish a [illegible] country—have gone through a [illegible] experience so uniquely trying [illegible] seems to us any war content which ignored it would be incomplete.

A Question, Old Boys

Dear Sir

[illegible] aside from his [illegible] ior cinery duties, subscribing to the Y. M. C. A., and observing wheat- [illegible] anything for a man of forty-five to do that will help to win the war?

My children are away at school. I am kept busy during the day, but have my evenings. It seems as if there ought to be a job somewhere for good-hearted old fellows like me.

P. F. D., *Michigan*.

Yesterday.

P. F. D., I heard that the Boy Scouts of America need Scout [illegible] asters. Many of their Masters have been called into the service, and there are troops that are just hungering for some kind-hearted man with a middle-aged head and a youthful heart to carry them on. I don't know whether you would qualify or not, but the [illegible] is John Roy, Executive [illegible] ry, 50 Wall Street, New York [illegible] le who helps a boy become a strong, good man makes a contribution of [illegible] welfare of society.

Brooks. And when he sat

A Good Little Ver-

Dear Sir

If I knew you and you knew me, if both of us could clearly see
And with an inner sight divine the meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less and clasp our hands in friendliness
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree if I knew you and you knew me.

I

Go to the Head of the Class, Doris

Dear Sir

[illegible] able to tell an editor something. You asked recent picture page what had become of the old-fashioned moustache-cup [illegible] you. It's in my aunt's attic with some other things that my aunt (a perfectly moustacheless female), received as presents when she was teaching school. I just tell you this to get that [illegible] off my mind at last and to be able to say I told a real live editor something.

Very good, Doris. And what has become of the old-fashioned fish-bone plate that used to sit at every place at the table on days when fish was served?

By All Means, Write

MANY people begin their letters to me by saying, "I suppose you get so many letters that you do not have time to read them all." I read all the letters that are [illegible] read as picking out the few that we publish were half as interesting.

Good luck to you until next week.

A Woman of France

Continued from page 9

at Louis is ill, and that you and I have thought of a way to cure him. Now, there effect this cure. Let us say, without particular em-

he takes it at lunch, he will be a well man by midnight—that is to say, so far as this particular trouble is concerned. Nor will know what has occurred, for one can not taste this drug in strong coffee. It is a white powder,' he said, and I have written the name of it on this slip of paper, which you will present to the apothecary. If he should ask you, as he doubtless will, what you want it for, merely state that you wish to kill a dog. That is all. Leave the rest to my hands; remember that I am

not without certain possibilities, certain of which he himself was now obliged to consider. He knew his wife, and he knew the old doctor, hence his silence. Or so it seemed, at least.

The woman continued:

"I was on the brink of things. The strangest part of it was, I could hardly realize how I came there, it was all so sudden. Only the day before, it seemed, I was the happiest woman in the world. I looked at everything then, and saw nothing. Now I looked at noth

That is what tro

T

merely grunted.

"Humph," he said, "this is a pretty tray of paste. The good doctor gives my wife a prescription. He tells her that I am ill with a treasonable disease. He knows I love the strongest coffee, so does she. Therefore I must take my death in it at noon, departing thence at midnight. She [illegible] man in the morning, and he shakes his head. Poor Louis had a weak heart,' he says to the neighbors, 'and this is what a second cup of coffee will do for a man.' Bah! I thought I liked that old fellow once, but now I know that I liked his famous apples much better. When was ," he said suddenly.

Just a week ago—last Monday. You were in the shop, I think, when I came

"So I was. You had been gone two hours at least, and I asked you where you had been. And you said: 'To the shop of the apothecary.' Then you went in and got lunch; I remember the onion soup, a nice ragout, and two cups of coffee."

"Oh, you were safe enough that day," cried the woman. "And the next, and the next. I don't know what was the matter with me."

"I do," said the man. "One is never in a hurry about such things; it is not nice. Also, one must make up

"I had made up my

kept saying to myself, until it got to be a sort of terrible dream—a nightmare from which I was never going to wake up. The powder was in a little white box. A thou-

coffee-pot, but then, when I felt most sure, it was then I was most in doubt. My hand would not go to the lid. I just stood there, a-trembling, and did nothing."

appeared to amuse the

"Ha," he said. "I can almost see you. Well, I am safe enough at that rate.

I cried. 'What

e was good and kind as ever, but e took my hand. 'There is only

think of much beyond the shop. But now a thousand thoughts flew in and out of my head, like feathers and dust flying out

at the end of things, and there five days left. Then there were only four. But still I could do nothing to please the doctor. There was something wrong. My head would say one thing, but my hand would do another. And I found myself going to the doctor every day. I kept telling him that I could not do this

"Then one day, I think it was toward the last, I heard myself crying that I no [illegible] for your life. And the doctor showed me to the door. He was very angry. He said I didn't know my own mind."

"Oh, I don't know," murmured the baker. "Women are like that. Go on, my dear."

"He said: 'I believe you love the man, scoundrel that he is.' And he laughed.

"'I have always been afraid of him,' I

wrong, I know, but he is not the only m and if you let us go away we may be happy again somewhere.'

"I was sure of it, somehow. You seemed to have changed, you were more kind to me, less harsh.

"I thought you were ill," growled the baker, "or something. You looked bad enough."

But the woman returned to the doctr

"I went down on my knees to him, right there in the doorw

id," he said, "the man must die

woman.

"He was right," said the baker. "I am caught. As you know, they wouldn't even you gave it up then?"

"No. The last time I went to see him was this morning. A strange thing, I felt very sure of myself too; for a queer trick of thought had entered my head. It seemed plausible enough, too. If I had changed my mind once, well, I should change it again. The doctor would learn that you were not what I said, after a that all I had told him of your condition was false. I had lied to him in a moment of insanity, jealous of certain attentions you had paid to the pretty young apprentice of the milliner Gallantreve—which, by the way, is not altogether without some

The man laughed outright—a great hearty echo of mi

cried in great amusement, huckle of approval. "But your idea, my dear, is not without merit. It is worth consideration. Let the good doctor carry his information to the mayor; let him go and lodge his complaint. You and I will spend together, eh? Then you

warmed in me. Be sure they will find nothing in the house. And your portion will be clearly understood—at least, by all the married men in the jury box. The let-

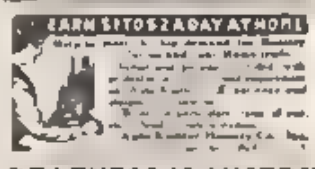
save it below the waste line

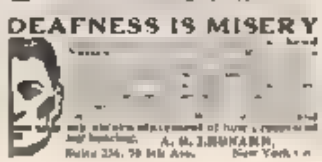
THROWING away shaving soap is waste. Don't do it. Colgate's "Handy Grip" Shaving Stick has a new and clever way of using all the soap. You can unscrew the last ½ inch and stick it on a new stick—no waste whatever.

The most economical form of shaving soap is the stick. This we know for we make shaving powder and cream also, and thus are in a position to give this disinterested advice. Lather with Colgate's and shave with Comfort.

COLGATE & CO. Established 1806 New York

COLGATE'S "HANDY GRIP"





CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

HELP WANTED—MALE

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

SALESMEN WANTED

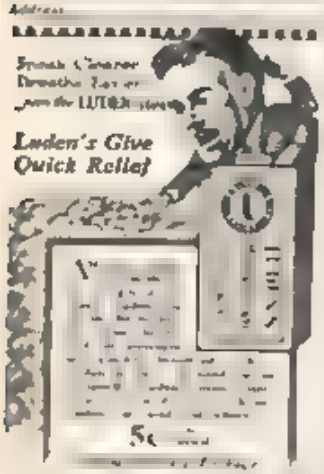
BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

"I Got the Job!"

[illegible] of my Department [illegible] boss said he had been watching all the men. When he found I had been studying at home with [illegible] he knew I had the right stuff in me—that I was bound to make good. Now we can [illegible] and you can have a maid and take things easy. I tell you, Nell, taking that course with the I. C. S. was the best thing I ever did.

[illegible] are stepping up every day. Just those [illegible] envies.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
[illegible]
Name
Address



LUDENS

$5.00 Down
$5.00 Per Month
New Arrow Bicycle
[illegible]
Write for Free Booklet

fur, you will state, was a fabrication. You had manufactured it, let us say, from some of my old business correspondence. Yes, it was now destroyed. You had been insane for a space, but you had tempered your folly in time. My dear, I can see you on the stand, you will make a splendid witness. By the way," he said of a sudden, "where is that letter?"

"The one I showed to the doctor? I [illegible] the rest—"

Good!" cried the man. "This is better and better. Our good friend has burnt his own bridge. He has complained about the instability of women; well, I [illegible] max for him."

His voice rang with triumph. The spirit of the man, never cast down, now seemed [illegible] catch fire and blaze up. He gave no thought to the woman at his side, no thanks; he saw only himself, grave of face and gay at heart, making his accusers the laughing-stock of the village.

"Where is the letter now?" he added, chuckling at the thought.

"In the little cupboard in the kitchen," said the woman dully. "I hid it on the top shelf, under the paper, with the little box of powder. But what does it matter now?"

The man was amazed at her apathy.

"It matters this much: we must not neglect to destroy it," he cried. Then, quickly: "But what about our friend? What did old Gaillard have to say—when you told of the sudden change of heart?"

That was the trouble. I didn't get a chance. He was not home, they said. The servant told me that he had gone into the country for the day. But as I [illegible] watching from behind the curtain, I knew the girl had lied. I did not see him, but I knew he was there.

"Then something seemed to get down in me. I don't know how I got home. I don't know which way I came. I don't know who I met or what I saw—I didn't care. It was morning, and the sun was shining; I got lunch, or what passed in the after-[illegible]

"That is odd," broke in the baker. "I thought you seemed more cheerful than you had for days. We had a good lunch. The lentils were excellent, the coffee and the sweet pâte a thing to remember. You ate nothing yourself; that is true: I couldn't even get you to touch a cup of coffee. But in the afternoon you helped me with the yeast, and we started the bread together. We made a most amiable business of it down there in the cellar. I can tell you. I remember speaking of the fine thing we should have to-morrow, that the dough should have good luck because we had both worked on it [illegible] other and you laughed, just

HE stopped suddenly. It was as if for the first time he had begun to attach a special significance to that [illegible] umph.

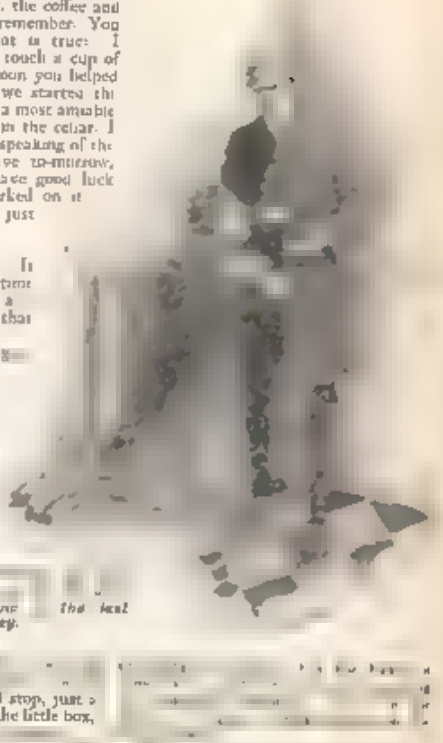
[illegible] umph," he said thoughtfully.

[illegible] ver.

"The first thing I re-[illegible] calls. I was [illegible] er the stove, with the coffee-pot in my left hand. The lid was lifted, [illegible] then I went to the little cupboard, where I had hidden the little box of white powder. I knew [illegible] so just so far, then I would stop, just as I always had. So I opened the little box, [illegible] could say just then:

"I found the thing already done," [illegible] the woman, drawing a great breath that was like a sob—"the thing I did [illegible] do. My mind had gone one way,

If the man heard, he made no sound [illegible]



[illegible] the last [illegible] day.

[illegible] umph," said the baker presently. "I have an hour, another hour of life. Downstairs my bread rises in the pans; but to-morrow the baker will lie in bed—"

Softly the woman beside him began to sob. The baker stirred in the darkness—turned toward his wife.

"Adèle," he said gently. "Don't cry, Adèle. There, Adèle; there, now—"

How Courtesy Helped a Hotel Man

A WOMAN with a bag in her hand entered the lobby of a hotel in Newark, Ohio, looked about hungrily, and then sank into a chair. She appeared to be greatly agitated about something; and Jess Walters, the manager, who had noticed her as she came [illegible] stepped forward and, with a deferential bow, asked:

Is there anything we can do for you, madam?"

"Oh, nothing much," she replied. "I have been hurrying to catch an interurban for my home out in the country a piece, and I have just missed it. May I sit here and rest until the next car? It will be only an hour, and I am so tired. Besides, it is starting to rain, and I did not bring my umbrella."

"Certainly, you may sit and rest."

Picking up her bag, he turned to the woman, who arose with a smile of relief on her face, and walked along with him. He took her into the ladies' parlor, gave her a comfortable easy chair, and brought her a glass of ice water. Then he handed her an evening paper, turned on an extra light, moved her chair so she could see to better advantage, and excused himself.

When the car was due, Walters reappeared, carrying a big umbrella.

"It is raining hard," he said, "and you will need this. Some of your folks [illegible] time they come."

The next afternoon a middle-aged man strode into the hotel, looked about for a moment, and brusquely asked Walters if he was the one who had lent an um-[illegible] before. Walters admitted that he was the man.

"Very well, sir," replied the man from the country, jerking out his words. "That was my wife, and I want to thank you. Here is the umbrella. Come and see us [illegible]"

He mentioned his name and strode away, leaving Walters with the umbrella in his hand and a broad smile on his face. Later Walters went to call on his friends in the country, and they had long talks about matters of mutual interest.

[illegible] ing other things, Walters told them [illegible] ad started [illegible] s career as a bootblack and bell-boy; how he became a hotel clerk and later manager.

Running a hotel is my business," said Walters, "but I have not yet found a hotel that suits me. My idea of a hotel is to furnish a room and bath for a dollar a night. Such a place would advertise itself, and after the initial outlay would not cost any more to take care of than one run on the usual plan."

After questioning Walters closely for a while, his new friend said:

Walters, I believe I can help you start that hotel. We have been thinking of something of the kind to take up some vacant rooms in the Arcade, and your plan is just about what we want."

Thus Walters came into touch with the Arcade Realty Company, headed by C. H. Spencer, in which Walters' country friend was interested.

The Arcade is a beehive of business activity in the heart of Newark. It is cut both ways, with spacious arcades roofed over with glass, thus increasing the "street frontage" within the block.

In one section there were two big second-story halls that the management could not rent to advantage. It was decided to cut these halls up into rooms and start a hotel to be known as the "Arcade," with Walters as proprietor and manager.

The hotel began to show a profit after the second week. It has never been operated a single day at a loss. From time to time the place has been enlarged until now the original forty rooms have grown to seventy rooms, and the only way now to get more space is to "raise the roof" and build another.

Guests are [illegible]

ashamed to tell you how quickly it was d[illegible] The Arcade is now yielding a substantial and steadily increasing profit.

"My opinion is that a hotel of this kind can be successfully operated in any city with a population of 25,000 and over, and that in a city of several hundred thousand a hotel of five hundred rooms could be kept filled all the time.

Hotel-keeping is purely a merchandising proposition. If you give big value for money you will have plenty of customers, and will make your money on the volume of business done. I aim to give the service that travelers want, and to interfere with them as little as possible."

Walters is a member of the Newark Chamber of Commerce and active in the civic enterprises of Newark. He is also prominent in the hotel men's organizations of his State, and is popular among commercial travelers, many of whom make it a point to get around to Newark for Sunday.

Albert Sidney Gregg.

WAR-TIME $1 IDEAS

Your Rusty Blades

A LITTLE economy with safety razor blades will reward you. Use one blade till it seems too dull to serve again; then lay it aside, and do the same with all the others instead of throwing them away.

To my surprise, I found that after an interval they would each give two shaves at least and in many instances more. You have heard about having a razor for every day in the week, using Monday's for Monday only, etc.? You see, it has the rest of the week to recover in, and a razor needs just that. So your safety blades are resting in the same way. Try it. You'll see.

C. B. A.

The Watch-Pocket Bank

I AM a member of the watch-pocket bank. I am both cashier and paying teller. In the winter season I carry my watch in my vest pocket. This leaves my watch pocket free. I have developed the habit of putting stray pennies and nickels and dimes in there. Very often I have found myself unconsciously putting my nickel change away in this manner. I have been able to give my family many pleasant little treats by this simple method of saving.

C. W. H. B.

Saving Yarn for Soldiers

KNITTING for the Red Cross and the soldiers, I found that yarn was very expensive and the right kind hard to get. While looking over some winter garments I found an old knitted shawl. The yarn in it was almost as good as new. I unraveled the shawl, dyed the wool, and knitted a sweater that looked just as well as the ones made with new yarn.

I passed the idea on to my friends, and they have been utilizing old garments. Even small articles, such as caps and mufflers, may be used, if the wool is of uniform thickness.

L. F.

A Tonic for Soles

I USED to wear out a pair of shoes every three months. Then I bought a fifteen-cent can of copal varnish, and carefully painted the soles before wearing them. At the end of the first month, when in the usual course of events a new sole was necessary, I found the stain worn off, but the leather showed hardly any signs of wear. A second coat was applied, and that lasted a second month. I painted them a third and fourth time, and only at the end of the fourth month were repairs to the soles needed. I wore the new soles a day, and painted them. They too responded to the treatment, and lasted another three months.

T. A. B.

The Barber Loses Again

WOMEN are generally more dexterous with their hands than men, yet your barber is probably a man. But not in my family.

We purchased one pair of hair-clippers (the catalogue says "for human hair only") at a cost of $1.37, and one pair of barber scissors at 98 cents.

We have been using them for ten months. There are four men in the family and we average about four hair-cuts a month.

40 hair-cuts at 35 cents	$14.00
Cost of tools	2.35
Saving in ten months	$11.65

I assure you that you would pass my men without stopping to stare. They have the conventional appearance.

Mrs. M.

Who is He?

HE grew gray in the service of his country, regarded by many as an impossible military genius.

Statesmen liked to hear him talk,—he had done brave things in strange parts of the world,—but they found his talk impractical. It was unlikely that there would ever be another war of great magnitude, they argued, and if such a one did come, science and not strategy would decide it.

He was forever talking strategy, this old man. His military superiors laughed at him. Strategy was all very well in fighting savages; Cæsar and Napoleon had got away with it, and Hannibal, they said; but it had little place in the curriculum of a modern war college. These were the years immediately preceding 1914.

"I am old," he said; "I will retire." He was then over sixty. The small fortune he had inherited from thrifty parents had dwindled away while he was seeing service in the colonial possessions of the republic. He had his retired general's pay, however, and a small estate in the vine country of France. He planned to spend his last years cultivating flowers in a modest way. And, as he made his plans, the Great War came. One of the strangest things about this strange war is the chance it has given to old men to prove the efficiency of theories they had held while others laughed. There is von Hindenburg—but he is another story.

In July, 1914, the old French general brushed his service clothes, polished his sword, and reported for duty, only to find that another general had been promoted over his head and given a superior command. It was Joffre, unerring judge of military genius, who took him out of reserve and sent him into Alsace. The Germans found him waiting when they attacked Verdun. Until Verdun's long agony his tactics of ambuscade and indirect attack had been held little short of preposterous.

Then suddenly France realized that another great old man had come to the fighting fore; for Verdun held, giving back blow for blow. This general went farther than any one else in despising Germany's artillery onslaught. Strategically he lured the foe into furious fire upon points where the danger was least while he worked to "trim the edges." He had used similar methods, in former years, in fighting savages in Algeria and quelling uprisings in China. The Germans were no more to him than maddened Hottentots—and Verdun held. Now he is known as "the hero of Verdun"—all France regards him as the eccentric genius to whom she must look for ultimate victory.

Mme. Sklodowska Curie, about whom we told you last week

Brings Beauty While You Sleep

JUST leave pure, snow-white Pompeian NIGHT Cream with its delicate perfume on your face as you fall asleep. Then in the morning see how soft and smooth is your skin! But you must be faithful—every night—for time and weather are daily stealing beauty and youth from your face. Jars, 40c and 80c at the stores.

Pompeian
NIGHT Cream

Is anyone in your family troubled with Dandruff? If so, don't let the matter be neglected, as Dandruff often causes the hair to fall out. Our new product, Pompeian HAIR Massage, has already won thousands of friends because it has stopped their Dandruff. It is a liquid (not a cream) and is not oily or sticky. Delightful to use. 60c and $1.10 bottles at the stores.

Pompeian Massage Cream

is an entirely different cream. It's pink. It is rubbed in and out of the skin, cleansing the pores and bringing the glow of health to tired, sallow cheeks. Especially good for oily skins. 55c, 80c, and $1.05 at the stores.

Mary Pickford Art Panel

No advertising on front

Miss Pickford, the world's most popular woman, has again honored Pompeian by posing exclusively for the 1918 panel. Size 7½ x 28 in. Daintily colored. Please clip the coupon for panel and sample of Pompeian NIGHT Cream.

Cut off, sign and send

(Stamps accepted, coin preferred)

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 1069 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Gentlemen: I enclose 10c for a 1918 Mary Pickford Art Panel and a sample of Pompeian NIGHT Cream.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Isn't it funny—

what a little spare cash will do for a fellow?

Makes him feel better—look better—work better.

Take a Cash-In Club member, for instance.

You can pick him out every time.

He's speeding up and getting along—cashing in on his spare time.

There are hundreds of Cash-In Club members like this—making from $10 to $35 a week—over and above their regular salaries.

Come on, Folks! We can't waste time and coal and things these days—

Let's all join The Cash-In Club—and cash in.

If you haven't any spare time—

Oh, but you have!

Jim Pepper
Secretary

Have I?

Mr. JIM PEPPER, *Secretary*
THE CASH-IN CLUB
381 Fourth Avenue
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Have I spare time? Can I cash in on it?

Name.....

St. Address.....

City..... *State*.....

Melrose's Jerry—*Continued from page 5*

came to the door at my ring. But of Jerry and her early struggles with "The Maiden's Prayer" she had little to say. She was fond of Jerry. Jerry had often been a bit difficult. There had been other Melrose girls with talent.

I called on an old schoolmate of Jerry's and her husband. They could hardly believe that I had come clear out from Boston for a look at Jerry's birthplace (I didn't confess I had come all the way from New York).

Yes, they had heard Jerry sing in the old days before her Boston teacher forbade her singing any more in school. No, they had never noticed anything unusual about her voice. There was Sally Turner, now, and for that matter Maude Harrison. They had good voices, too. (How abashed would have been the critic of the Paris *Figaro* who summed up the voice of *la Farrar* with: "Unique. Astonishing perfection, irresistible seductiveness, and penetrating intelligence.")

Not Exactly Pretty

WAS she pretty in those days? I asked. Did she give promise of the face that has brought *Marguerite* to life, that has made *Butterfly's* grief almost too real to be borne, that has recreated the wild beauty of *Carmen*?

My host meditated a while, and slowly shook his head.

"No, I wouldn't ever have called Jerry exactly pretty. She didn't begin to be as nice looking as Nellie Maconnher, for example, or—"

"But the young lady is going to write up a piece for her paper, John," interrupted his more gallant wife, "and I think we ought to say she was pretty—some people might think so, you know."

Back at the post-office I met up with a Melrose enthusiast who wanted me to be sure to get in all the important facts about the town.

"Now, about Geraldine Farrar—" I began.

"Oh, Jerry," said he. "Well, she doesn't come around very often now, and her folks have moved away, but I think you ought to put in that we have three thousand voters and fourteen churches and fourteen policemen (a policeman for each church!) and two thousand pupils in the schools."

"Yes," I said; "and you've had some pretty celebrated pupils come out of those schools, haven't you? Take Miss Farrar—"

"Oh," said he, "Jerry wasn't there a great while; but Charles Cox, now—there's a distinguished citizen: one that has made Melrose famous, I can tell you. Elected to the State Senate, served his State with honesty and self-sacrifice, very public-spirited."

"Jerry Farrar is public-spirited too, don't you think?" I suggested. "The way she came back that time and gave a concert for all the school children and—"

The "Star of Melrose"

"OH, Jerry's all right," said my informant. "A little bit original, but a good heart. But, to tell the truth, I don't know as I'd put in too much about her. There's been a good deal written about Jerry, one time and another, and too much attention that way is liable to turn a girl's head."

I found one of these write-ups in the issue of the Melrose paper for May 21, 1895, which ran as follows:

> It is believed that Melrose will one day be proud of the attainments of Mr. Sidney Farrar's thirteen-year-old daughter in the world of music. With hopeful anticipation her many loving friends will follow her future, which seems already unfolding, and as the child glides to womanhood our little twinkling star may rise by and by from dear Melrose and become resplendent in the musical firmament where all the world will love to listen and do her homage.

Part of the local critic's prophecy has come true. Melrose's "little twinkling star" has certainly risen, and does assuredly twinkle in the musical firmament. But it seemed to me that down Melrose way they don't altogether hold with stars. Starlight makes them a little uncomfortable.

For Melrose's part, when darkness comes on, it pulls down the shades and lights the kitchen lamp.

This is His Week

John Henry Newman was born February 21, 1801. The charm of his personality, the ascetic fervor of his life, and the fame of his preaching gave him a tremendous power over the religious thought of his day. He died in 1890.

YOUNG Newman, ordained from Oxford to the English Church, began by attacking Roman Catholicism. Years later he formally retracted what he said at this time, and himself became a Catholic. In Catholicism only, he declared, could he find security from the fighting rebellious generation in which he lived—a generation that was trading an ancient faith in the dust and believing in nothing that it could not prove.

His letter to the Duke of Norfolk, written as an answer to an attack upon him from Charles Kingsley, contains a striking account of the inner workings of the churchman's mind:

"People can not understand a man being in a state of doubt, of misgiving, of being unequal to responsibilities. He must have clear views one way or another, or no views at all. I believe that Catholics, whose beliefs are theorized and diagramed, are happiest, after all. One must be all-liberal or all-unyielding. There is no half way, as I see it."

There was never any compromise with Newman. It was all the way—or nothing. Disraeli said of him:

"He could have been a great liberal, as it is, he is a great reactionary."

Nevertheless, people flocked to hear him preach. In the seventies people went to London to hear Cardinal Newman, as they went to Brooklyn to hear Henry Ward Beecher.

One of the most curious things about the great Cardinal was the fact that the chief interest to him of the present lay always in its connection with the past or the future. His journeys always led him to conjure up figures of men who had passed before, or awakened imaginings for the future. The Mediterranean to him, for instance, was only the sea where the Romans and Carthaginians had fought, where the Phœnicians had traded, where Jonah was in the storm, where St. Paul was shipwrecked, where Athanasius journeyed. Later these waters inspired him to a vision of the future expressed by him in his hymn "Lead, Kindly Light."

Published weekly by The Crowell Publishing Company at Springfield, Ohio. George D. Buckley, President; Lee W. Maxwell, First Vice President; Thomas B. Beck, Second Vice President; Albert J. Wiener, Treasurer. Executive and editorial offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, New York. All rights reserved. Subscription terms in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico, and Cuba, $1.00 a year. In Canada, $1.46. Foreign countries, $2.92. Entered as second-class mail matter at the post-office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the suffering, assuring restful nights.

It is called a boon by Asthma sufferers.

For the bronchial troubles of tobacco users, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities. It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 36 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet.

The Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, prepared as a sample, will be sent by mail. Send 2c stamp. Name this paper. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

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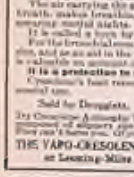

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Marvelous Improvements. Extraordinary values in our 1918 price offers. You cannot afford to buy without getting our latest propositions and Factory-to-Rider prices.

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Print Your Own Cards, circulars, label, book, paper, etc. Press $11. Larger $30. Rotary $66. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for catalog, press, TYPE, paper, cards.

THE PRESS CO., B-13, Meriden, Conn.

HELLO, SCOUTS

What fund are you working for?

No matter. Whatever it may be—soldier fund—troop treasury or for your own outfit—write to me and I will tell you of an easy way to "do your bit."

This is a special short-time offer for active, hustling Scouts, the kind that can go into the best homes and intelligently present a high-grade proposition on its merits.

Promptness—that's the word. You MUST be prompt if you want to share in this splendid opportunity. I know your motto "Be Prepared" so I will expect to have you send me the attached coupon by return mail. In the next mail I will tell you "how."

If you are not already a Scout, write me anyway and I will tell you how to qualify financially as a Scout. (Camp-Fire Girls are invited too.)

Yours for Finances,

Manager, Scout Helps.

Manager, Scout Helps,
241 Fourth Avenue,
New York.

Please tell me how I can make money for the fund for which I am now working. I am working for

.....

My Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State ..... Age .....

Troop No. .....

References

Business Man, or Scoutmaster's name .....

Street .....

Why I Have Never Married

IN the last issue of the old year we published the little article that is here reprinted in the box. As you will notice, it quotes some figures showing the low percentage of marriages among the women graduates of a medical college; and it was intended merely to raise the interesting question as to whether specialized training tends to decrease a woman's likelihood of marriage.

Immediately we began to receive letters, of which the following is an interesting example:

"I'm glad that didn't come from your own pen, Mr. Editor. But I'll wager a man wrote it. Isn't it the quintessence of the flaunting egotism of the male?

"Might it not be just possible that the women who 'know too much' are doing some of the choosing themselves—or the *whole* choosing, rather? Might it not be possible that the women who know too much know too well *what there is to know* about the average man, and more *themselves* afraid? Might it not be possible that with the coming of knowledge they have learned that they, too, might better exercise a choice instead of that blind, unquestioning, "innocent" acceptance of their days of unwisdom?

"Perhaps the women who know too much are just a little too proud to take less than the best. Perhaps they prefer to suffer a certain heartbreak in the giving up rather than a possible life break in the taking. Perhaps they would rather face a solitary and barren future than risk marriage with a man whose inner temple has not kept a single unspoiled sanctuary. Perhaps they choose to keep their heart's treasure-chamber locked for a lifetime, and its wealth forever unspent, rather than empty it forth (as many a dear girl who 'did not know' has done) and make of its place a charnel-house of dead dreams, *too late*.

"ONE OF THOSE COLLEGE WOMEN."

Looking around among the well bred, intelligent people whom you know, haven't you often wondered why it is that some of the best of them have never married? Why is it?

Have they let their careers absorb their interest until it is too late? Or is it just because our social organization is so faulty that the chance of the right sort of young people coming into contact with each other is limited?

We know one of the most celebrated women in America. She has everything that fame or money can give her; yet she said one day, wistfully, that she would gladly trade it all for a home and a husband and children.

If you are a middle-aged, normal man or woman, and are unmarried, why is it? We have a horrid human curiosity to know. And we will pay $5 each for some 500-word letters on the subject that are frank and sincere. If you have something to say, say it and send it to our office, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, before March 16. Keep a carbon of your letter: the original will be destroyed when the letters are printed.

THIS IS THE ARTICLE THAT STARTED IT

ARE *men afraid of women who "know too much"? Do they instinctively shun such women when they come to choose their mates?* The question is raised by a report published in the *Journal of Heredity* showing the exceedingly low percentage of marriages among the women graduates of medical schools.

In the years between 1897-1907 sixty women received the degree of M. D. from Johns Hopkins University. Three of these have since died; of the remaining fifty-seven only twenty-one have married. In other words, the marriage rate among them is only 36.8 per cent.

Among all college women the marriage rate is below the average; and these figures would seem to show that the higher the education the fewer the marriages.

How I Conquered the Blues

I LEFT college full of hope and determination to open the world's oyster. My first job was that of mail clerk at eighteen dollars a week. Within a year I left to join the forces of my present employer as junior correspondence clerk at twenty dollars. Slowly I rose to twenty-five. Then, with youth's fearless abandon, I married. My wife and I managed fairly well on our salary for the first year. Then our first baby came—but no raise at the office. Things began to tighten.

Six months later I got a three-dollar raise. Two other men in the same office and of shorter service got five dollars. Instead of bucking into the work harder than ever and thus earning a bigger raise, I drifted into sullenness and resentment.

Things began to get worse. Several customers whose correspondence I handled proved troublesome. My employer called me into his office and carpeted me. I nearly lost my head. But I remembered that two other mouths were dependent upon me, and for once I curbed my tongue.

That last interview with the boss did me no good, however. Instead of the curt nod of recognition which he usually gave, I found myself cut. I got blue. At nights I could do nothing but swear at myself and the world in general.

"Why don't you try to forget the office when you're at home?" said my wife, one night.

I snarled some reply; but finally the thought got into my head, though in distorted fashion. I started to work out a watch-the-clock philosophy. Next day, as I took my seat at the desk, I remarked to myself: "Well, I don't care a hang. Eight hours till five o'clock. Let 'em rip!"

Strangely enough, this misguided indifference helped me. If my work was done mechanically, at least it was done more efficiently.

One night I picked up a novel which my wife was reading, and in it I saw this quotation from Stevenson: "It is better to travel hopefully than to arrive." The line stuck in my memory.

Next day, in an ironic mood, I typed it out and placed it on the desk before me. It proved a mental corrective. By degrees I found myself working, not to slam down the desk at five, but to get all my work done at that time.

I hit upon a method of saving time and labor in handling correspondence. I talked the idea over with my wife. She suggested that I send a memorandum to the boss. I hesitated, but next day I typed my suggestion. The boss congratulated me upon the idea.

The system was installed, and worked well. It did save time and prevented disturbance. I became interested in seeking other improvements. I discovered short cuts in my work. And not long afterward I got an additional batch of customers' correspondence and a more than welcome raise of five dollars.

That started me on the road to doing things. And my wife, who had patiently borne my bickerings, came forward with other helps and suggestions. Since then I have had another five-dollar raise. The work has become really interesting. I have found a way of turning my ambition into effective channels.

It was my wife who pulled me out of that lake of Prussian blue. I take off my hat to the wives of all correspondence clerks.

T. A.

Danger Ahead

As the block signal tells you there is danger ahead, so the ragging cough is the danger signal that calls for

DEANS COUGH MENTHOLATED DROPS

nip the coughs and colds while young. Relieve stubborn coughs at once and stave off serious ailments.

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10 Cents a Day Pays for This Symphonola

Plays all records. Victor, Columbia, Edison, Pathe, Little Wonder, Emerson. Take a year to pay, after 30 days' trial. Compare it with any other talking machine made, regardless of price, and if we are not prepared to do all we represent it to do, it fails to make good. Ask today for the

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Sunlight can be kind or cruel

Strong sunlight is the real proof of your skin's beauty. At night, under soft shaded lights, you may succeed in making your skin attractive, but how does it look by day?

CAN you face the strong sunlight with confidence?

Is your skin so fine in texture, so soft and clear that you do not hesitate to be seen with your face bathed in sunshine? Scientists say, strong sunlight is a thousand times stronger than ordinary electric light.

No matter what artifices you use—sunlight reveals the real condition of your skin. If you have blemishes, pimples, blackheads or enlarged nose pores, sunlight reveals them conspicuously. It shows up a rough, scaly skin, a shiny nose or a pallid, sallow complexion.

You can look well in daylight, too

There is no reason why your skin should not be clear and lovely always. Do not dread to meet your friends in the daytime. Begin now to make your complexion as lovely from nine o'clock to six as it is from six to twelve.

The Woodbury treatments are based on this fundamental fact: every day a change takes place in your skin. The old skin dies; new forms. This new skin, when treated by the lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap, can be rendered delightfully clear and smooth.

The Woodbury treatments cleanse the tiny pores of the skin, bring the blood to the surface, and improve its circulation. They stimulate the small muscular fibres. As the new skin forms, you are surprised at its clearness, its smoothness, its glowing color!

Follow these directions carefully

If you want to know how beautiful your skin can be, try the following treatment tonight.

Wash your face and neck with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Work up a good soapy lather in your hands and rub thoroughly into the pores, using an upward and outward motion. Do this until the skin feels somewhat sensitive. Rinse well in warm water, then in cold. If possible, finish with a piece of ice and dry carefully.

In ten days, or a week even!

This Woodbury treatment, used nightly, should produce a marked improvement in a week or ten days. If kept up regularly, it will soften and beautify the very texture of your skin and give you a complexion you will be proud of!

You can secure Woodbury's Facial Soap at your druggist's, or at any toilet counter. It "lasts" remarkably well, one 25c. cake being sufficient for a month or six weeks.

Send for this booklet and sample cake

We have given only one treatment here. The many Woodbury treatments for the various troubles of the skin are all given in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

For 5c. we will send you the booklet and a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of any Woodbury treatment.

For 12c. we will send you the Soap and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Write today! Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1802 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1802 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

For sale wherever toilet goods are sold

Woodbury's Facial Soap